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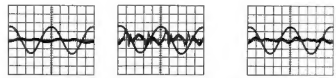

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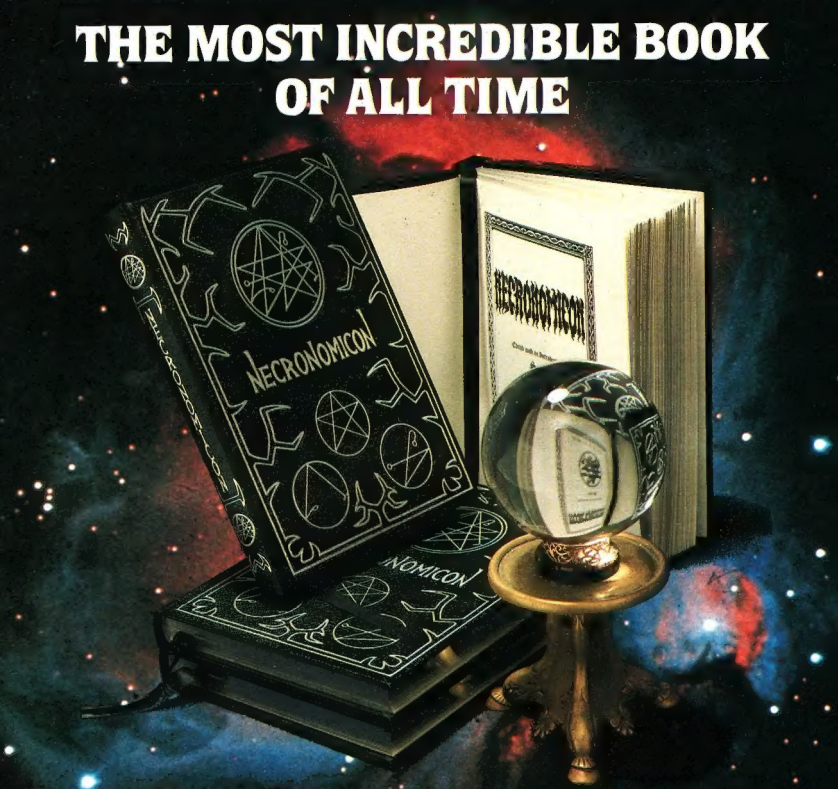

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Front cover, It Came from Mount Saint Helens, by **Robert Adragna**

Back cover, Who's the Fairest of Them All?, by **Berni Wrightson**

"Salammbo," by Druillet is reprinted from *Metal Hurlant* © 1980. *Metal Hurlant* is published by L.F. Editions, Les Humanoides Associes, Paris. Reprinted by permission.

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Thomas Wilfred: *Orientale, Op.155* in the collection of the Corcoran Gallery of Art.gift of the Toledo Zoological Society through the friends of the Corcoran Gallery of Art.

Illustration by Ian Craig

...FORTY-TWO...

When *Heavy Metal* was launched in 1977 the magazine was basically, if not quite exclusively, the American edition of the French *Metal Hurlant.* But even in those earliest issues *HM* asserted for itself a separate identity and an independence from the French magazine that inspired it, while continuing to draw upon *Metal Hurlant* for most of its material. And what fine material: stories by Moebius, Druillet, Claveloux, Clerc, Voss, Macedo—stories that helped us establish and build *HM* to its present position.

From the beginning we've received letters beseeching us to include material by certain Americans, or just to open up our pages to more American contributors—which, in fact, is something that we've done—although Americans like Richard Corben have been with us since our first issue.

We've also gone beyond *Metal Hurlant* to other French magazines, like *Pilote,* for artists like Caza, Bilal, and Ribera—and we've thus far only scratched the surface; there are a number of other European publications devoted to quality comics for adults.

As we've broadened our reach to make *HM* a more solidly-based international magazine, bringing in artists from Holland, Italy, and Japan, as well as Great Britain and Canada, we've moved further away from being the "American edition" of *Metal Hurlant.* We've stopped being the tail of *Metal Hurlant*'s dog.

Recently, *Metal Hurlant* has undergone a variety of problems, resulting in the bankruptcy of that magazine's parent company, and rumors have been rife concerning the magazine's future—and the possible effects upon us.

To the best of my knowledge, *Metal Hurlant* will continue publication, although its associated book-publication program may be cut back, but we've decided that it is time to cut ourselves loose and assert our own independence. Although you'll continue to see material here that we've picked up from *Metal Hurlant,* we will no longer be jointly affiliated as publications. We will no longer be "the American *Metal Hurlant.*"

Instead, we will be what, in fact, we've already become: *Heavy Metal,* the American magazine of international adult illustrated fantasy. It feels a little like a divorce, but at least it's an amicable one.

—Ted White

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Executive Editor:	**Julie Simmons**
Copy Editor:	**Susan Zimmer**
Art Director:	**John Workman**
Art Assistants:	**Bill Workman, Dan Steffan**
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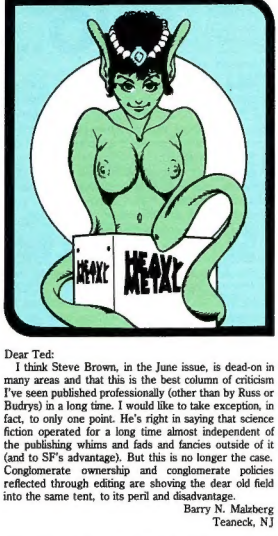
CHAIN MAIL



Dear Ted:

I think Steve Brown, in the June issue, is dead-on in many areas and that this is the best column of criticism I've seen published professionally (other than by Russ or Budrys) in a long time. I would like to take exception, in fact, to only one point. He's right in saying that science fiction operated for a long time almost independent of the publishing whims and fads and fancies outside of it (and to SF's advantage). But this is no longer the case. Conglomerate ownership and conglomerate policies reflected through editing are shoving the dear old field into the same tent, to its peril and disadvantage.

Barry N. Malzberg
Teaneck, NJ

For years a number of SF writers (including some of the best) have been clamoring to have the ghetto walls around science fiction torn down, and for SF to become assimilated into the literary mainstream. Now some of the consequences of the "de-ghettoization" of science fiction are becoming apparent, and you've just put your finger on one. —TW

Dear *Heavy Metal*:

Hey—remember me? I'm that eleven-year-old who wrote in back in November 1978.

Only I'm not eleven anymore. By the time this is printed (if it is) and distributed, I will have turned thirteen. Big deal.

Since it's been a while, let me update a few things. First, what happened to Druillet? Haven't seen him for a while . . . . *[Druillet returned with "A message from the Shadous" in our July issue and began his "Salammbo" here last issue. —TW]* Or Gray Morrow—he started his "Eight Belles" nearly a year ago, and he hasn't been seen since. Where did he wander off to? *[To the "Buck Rogers" newspaper strip. —TW]*

In *HM* #39, I noticed you got Wrightson to do some work for you. I enjoyed immensely his "Captain Sternn" episode. Tell me, is this over or is it going to continue? *[Berni says he has no immediate plans for another "Captain Sternn" story, but he hasn't ruled another one out, either. —TW]*

I always enjoy "Dream Police," no matter how illicit it is. Great!

"The Alchemist Supreme" was good. And looks like it might be a rather powerful strip.

"Changes" is very hard to understand, unless you're high at the time, but I enioy it nevertheless.

My overall favorites are "Professor Thintwhistle" and "Champakou." I like the "Prof," for the art and humor, and "Champakou" for the—(guess!).

As to the rest of the issue, it was good. You know, I have found that through the thirty-nine issues I've read, *HM* has maintained a B+ average (that's just about the same as my grades . . .). Oh, hey . . . you're now less than twelve issues away from number 50. Anything planned?

Alan Naditz
San Jose, Calif.

Our fiftieth issue falls one issue after our fourth-anniversary issue, so we haven't decided yet whether to do something special with it or to wait another eleven issues for our fifth-anniversary issue and have a real blow-out. (Metal Hurlant, *our French cousin, just celebrated its fiftieth issue with a forty-seven-page round-robin story by twenty-nine artists. We might try something similar, or we might go for something totally different. We shall see.) —TW*

Dear Ted:

You mention wanting to feature an international flavor in *HM*. May I suggest reprinting the work of some of Japan's leading cartoonists?

Osamu Tezuka, known in the Orient as the "Japanese Walt Disney," would be an excellent choice for *HM*. He has a deceptively simple style of drawing and an exquisitely detailed style of plotting—very much like Carl Barks, only distinctly Japanese in flavor. He's the foremost comic artist/animator in Japan, with stories ranging from "simple" children's adventures to highly complex mythological tales. "Astro Boy" (American TV title) is an excellent example of the former; "Pheonix 2772" is a superb sample of the latter. The complete "Phoenix" saga runs twenty volumes, each book illustrated in the best comix tradition but about the size and thickness of a paperback novel. "Phoenix" was recently filmed in a stunning animated film that is superior to anything done since the death of Disney (damn right it's better than Bakshi!).

Reiji Matsumoto is a science fiction comix artist with several star-spanning sagas to his name—each running several volumes. They include "Space Cruiser Yamato" (American TV title: "Star Blazers"), "Galaxy Express 999," and "Captain Harlock."

The kinkiest artist in Japan—one whose predilection for massive doses of violence and sex would make him feel right at home in the pages of *HM*—is Go Nagai, creator of "The Great Mazinga" (the biggest and baddest of the Japanese giant robots), "Cutie Honey" (a remarkable lady android), and "Devil Man" (a teenage boy with the powers of the Devil but fortunately not of the same moral bent).

I think *HM* readers would enjoy the Japanese artists very much if they could only sample the stories. Most Japanese comix are done in black and white (which is not to say they couldn't be colored in by American colorists if you so desired). More and more work in Japan is being done in color—but a delightful, soft beautiful watercolor style, not the harsh garishness of many American comix.

Buzz Dixon
Van Nuys, Calif.

We published Shinobu Kaze's original story "Violence Becomes Tranquility" in our March issue, and we are open to further works from Japan, where interest in the graphic possibilities of comics runs high indeed.—TW

Dear Ted:

My two-bits' worth is that you should ignore the dolts who don't like the magazine's new prose material: columns and so forth. They're the first thing I read in *HM*, and I would think your readership must be much broader than the Strictly Comics fans, who tend to be vocal and reactionary at the same time. As far as I'm concerned, *HM* has improved tremendously in the last few issues. Last year it seemed to be finding a rut, which I think you all have driven it out of.

Douglass St. Clair Smith
Dallas, Tex.

Dear *Heavy Metal*:

Back in England, in late 1976 and early 1977, I alienated myself from the punk rock/New Wave movement by closing my mind and ears to it and arguing that it was monotonous and talentless. However, just after my arrival in North America, the absence of it somehow caused a door to open in my mind, almost as if I had developed a new sense. This "sense," it seemed, enabled me to appreciate New Wave music anywhere from the Clash and the Pistols to the Residents and Devo, whilst still loving the pre-New Wave music I already knew. This new "sense" also brought me into SF, fantasy, and inevitably *Heavy Metal*.

The music I heard being produced in North America for the most part bored me, as it was so stale and regressive. I pitied the narrowmindedness of its followers and their inability to enjoy the new art forms.

This was until I read last month's "Chain Mail." I was astonished to discover not only that some of these "ignoroids" read *Heavy Metal*, but also that they were voicing their primitive opinions in it. I found that they were actually criticizing *Heavy Metal*'s innovative columns, especially Lou Stathis's "Muzick," which I personally feel is the finest, most up-to-date music column this side of the Atlantic.

I must ask Mr. Wernli (the chief perpetrator) and others like him to read through an issue, ignore the sex and violence, and ask themselves whether they really understood, let alone enjoyed, *all* the strips. In my opinion, if they are unable to understand and appreciate New Wave music, their truthful answer would be "No."

Don't change a thing!

Michael D.
Vancouver, B.C.
Canada

Dear Ted:

Diana Bletter's interview with Jeronaton is slightly shallow, but I am glad to see *any* background material on the artists in the magazine and hope you will try to get such things into future issues. If it flies, keep it in.

I have a few minor quibbles, though: " . . . a mask of Lalac, the God of Rain" is a poor transcription of the tape. What the man obviously said was "Tlaloc, the rain god," which is, in actuality, *wrong*! "Tlaloc" is the *Aztec* name for the rain god, whose name in the Maya tongue was "Chac." (Sorry to embarrass both the interviewer and the artist publicly.)

Still, while I am at it, the text of "Champakou" on page five of this installment says, " . . . who dares to disturb the council of the caciques?" And yet, the word "cacique" was the *Caribe* word the Spanish learned on Cuba. *They* never bothered to learn even the Quiche-Maya word for chieftain, nor even the Aztec "tlatoani," which meant "speaker." The ancient Maya would never have used an islander word.

I even wonder whether the elaborate headdresses that Jeronaton has reproduced were ever *actually* worn, since they serve in the Codex Nuttall as a shorthand device to identify the person in question.

But, shit, what am I complaining about, since, since the first part, I have been falling in love with this strip more and more every page? I forgive it the science fiction, and I *devour* the backgrounds. This is really quality stuff, and now I can stack up all three issues and groove on it all over again.

Larry Stark
Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Dear Ted:

We think that it is incredibly funny down here in Dallas to read the letters from those of us who froth, choke, and spit when the words "new wave," or even the name "Lou Stathis," are mentioned. Just who are these raving, gasping maniacs? I can't figure it out. Is it the KKK in disguise? Is it the Russians? Besides, who cares what a few geeks with typewriters pretend to know about muzick? Let them squirm and slobber. *[Not all have typewriters. —TW]*

We here like Lou Stathis. He is terribly witty and intelligent, and he knows what goes. We definitely wish him to stay in *Heavy Metal*.

Steve Hall
Dallas, Tex.

Dear Editors:

You should be congratulated for publishing work like "Good Vibrations," by Lee Marrs. It is difficult to tell whether the artist is a man or a woman, but I would guess a woman. I also suspect that the story was cut, and I am sorry if that is true because I would like to have seen more of it. I find it refreshing to see work with a positive note to it. Please give us more.

Marilyn Keith
Laguna Beach, Calif.

Right—and wrong. Lee Marrs is a woman, but "Good Vibrations" was not cut. Actually, her "Free Ways" (August 1979) drew a lot of favorable mail (including letters from people who were sure they knew "him" as a "German artist"—Marrs is a native American), none of which, unfortunately, made it into print. More Lee Marrs is forthcoming here. —TW

Dear Sir:

This is to inform you of an actual "Dream Police" very similar to Capelle's strip. The Ashanti tribe of western Africa make no distinction between the reality of their

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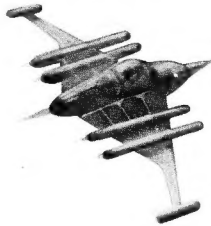
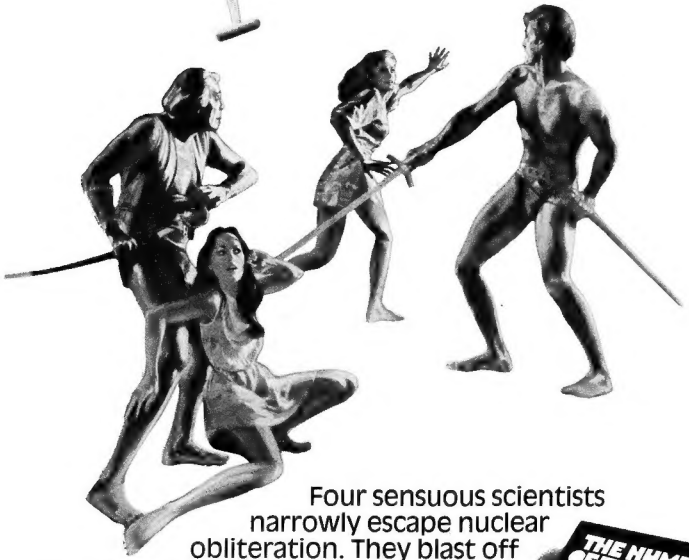
Look Where Heinlein's Been For The Last 7 Years



In another world, as usual.

And the master has brought back the definitive SF Opus.



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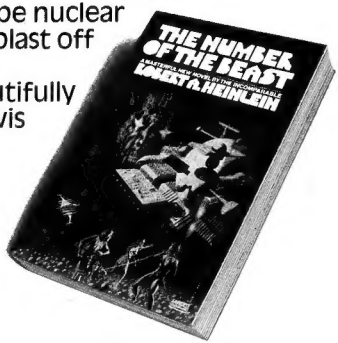


A Columbine paperback from Fawcett Books.

SF

Illustration by Bill Wray-Nash

Steve Brown

In the May 18, 1980, issue of the *New York Times Book Review* there is a profile of Eric Van Lustbader by Carol Lawson; the profile is concerned with the success of his modern Samurai thriller *The Ninja*.

"The novel—Mr. Van Lustbader's first, of course—is *The Ninja* . . ."

I had read that far when it occurred to me that Van Lustbader had written a few SF novels in the past. Maybe Ms. Lawson simply wasn't aware of them. Then I came to: "Mr. Van Lustbader . . . wrote four science fantasy books before turning novelist."

It is 1980. Supposedly SF has come into its own. There are hundreds of SF courses in colleges. SF books are receiving serious critical attention (the *New York Times* itself has a regular SF critic). Vast fortunes are being spent on SF movies and TV shows. Apparently there are still a few people out there who find it difficult to accept SF novels as actual books. I guess if you wrote about anything that might have happened or could be happening, it is literature. But if you write about anything that might someday happen or could not ever happen, you are wasting your time. I wonder how many professional SF writers with decades of experience behind them are now thinking of "turning novelist"?

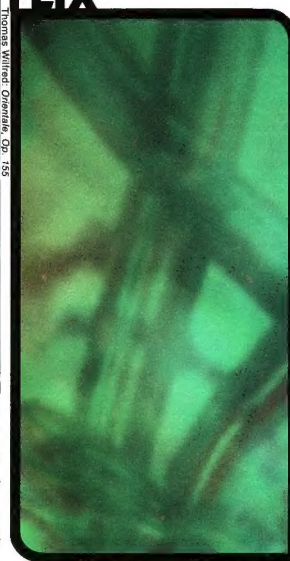
There is a new flavor in today's SF. The early works of Heinlein drew a picture of an indomitable humanity spreading across the galaxy, subjugating as it went; *Humanity uber Alles*. This is an extreme example, but in general aliens were people with funny bodies and generally a little bit less intelligent than we.

The mood is different now. In John Varley's Eight-Worlds universe, humanity has been ignominiously kicked off earth by aliens who have come to visit the dolphins (humans are a pesky irritant). Varley's stories are set four hundred years after that event. People cling to moons, planets, and asteroids. Earth is an embarrassment, and nobody speaks of it anymore. The future humanity in Fred Pohl's recent work (particularly *Gateway* and *Beyond the Blue Event Horizon*) is pictured as an anthill crawling over abandoned alien junk trying to puzzle out what they will never fully understand.

"We all have some emptiness in our lives, an emptiness that some fill with art, some with God,

continued on page 70.

FLIX



Thomas Wilfred, *Orientale*, Op. 155

Bhob

"The Bach of lumia—when he arrives—
may put us all to shame."
—Thomas Wilfred, 1947

Rock.
Light. *Music.*
Sound. Synesthesia. *Color music.*
Light shows. Liquid projections. *Color organs.* Light machines. Projection kaleidoscopes. *Video wallpaper.*

I know I'm in the eighties now. I stand before Bill Sebastian's towering color organ. It looms over me. Bill and I are alone in the cool daytime darkness of the club interior. He sits at his keyboard. I'm listening to my own reverb as I stand at the microphone on the dance floor, scarred by a million disco hustles of years past. But something magical could happen here in this

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COMIX

Jay Kinney

When Walt Disney, Inc., finally settled out of court with the Air Pirates last January, one of the strangest chapters in underground-comix history was finally closed after dragging on for most of the seventies.

Who were the Air Pirates and why did they find themselves battling the Disney lawyers for eight nerve-racking years? The story begins with Dan O'Neill's stint as a daily-comic-strip artist for the San Francisco Chronicle Features Syndicate, beginning in 1963. O'Neill's strip, "Odd Bodkins," was initially a mildly offbeat strip with little nebbishy characters spouting Feiffer-like dialogue back and forth. However, by the late sixties it had slowly slipped into what remains as close to a psychedelic-cum-metaphysical universe as the daily newspapers have ever seen.

"Odd Bodkins" commanded a loyal readership who protested successfully for the strip's return when the *San Francisco Chronicle* dropped it in early 1970. But by the end of that year, with O'Neill increasingly champing at the syndicate's editorial restrictions, he and the strip were gone for good . . . martyrs to the cause. Such a fate was not really a surprise to O'Neill, who had already told *Rolling Stone* that summer of his hope to "form a group that would involve itself with [underground] comics and a hundred others things as well." That hope was to result in April 1971 in the notorious Air Pirates.

Besides Dan O'Neill, the other founding members of the Air Pirates were Ted Richards, Bobby London, Gary Hallgren, and Shary Flenniken. (A sixth cohort, Gary King, creator of "The Left-Overs," worked with the group on some later post-Disney comics projects.) Richards and London first met each other in mid 1970 at the offices of the *Berkeley Tribe*, an underground paper formed by the disaffected ex-staff of the *Berkeley Barb*. Both artists were recent arrivals on the West Coast in the wake of the disintegration of their home UG papers back East. (Richards had cartooned for the *Queen City Express* in Cincinnati, while London drew for the *Rat* in New York City.)

In classic countercultural fashion, the pair first met O'Neill and Flenniken at the Sky River Pop Festival near Portland, Oregon, over the Labor Day weekend of 1970. Shary was on the staff of *Sabot*, the Seattle UG paper, and by the festival's end Ted had landed a spot on the *Sabot* art staff. By January 1971, both Ted and Bobby were in Seattle, where they encouraged Shary, an illustrator, to try her hand at cartooning.

Gary Hallgren, the fifth Air Pirate, was a Seattle sign painter whose cartoony signs caught Richards's eye. They soon became friends, and before long the

continued on page 31

MUZICK

Photos by Fredrick Armstrong

Lou Stathis

The Ralph Records saga continues. As related last month, Ralph's underground vinyl empire was established in 1972 to serve as the recording vehicle for those bashful Barsoomians the Residents. But as it turned out, the Residents were only one aspect of Ralph's insidious cultural-subversion program. Ralph's first non-Residential release (not counting a small-run single from 1976) by a loon named Schwump came in 1978, with Snakefinger's single "The Spot"/"Smelly Tongues." This brilliantly twisted piece of plastic signaled in earnest Ralph's move from the limited domain of the one-act label into the ranks of the major independents (following the path taken earlier by Virgin and Stiff in England).

The following year saw the unfolding of Ralph's master plan. In addition to the Residents' *Eskimo*, this inaugural salvo against the aurally tranquilized American public included *Subterranean Modern* (the uneven but worthwhile anthology of new material by the Residents, Tuxedomoon, MX-80 Sound, and Chrome noted last issue), two more singles and an excellent LP by that audacious amphibian Snakefinger (*Chewing Hides the Sound*, an essential album for today's mutant-lizard sophisticate), an album and a single from refugee-Indianans' MX-80 Sound (*Out of the Tunnel*, twelve inches of hoosier heavy metal with a somewhat bent aesthetic), an LP-single pair by the limey Art Bears (Henry Cow's Fred Frith and Chris Cutler along with Slapp Happy's Dagmar Krause doing music that's a bit too much art and too little bear for me), and finally, Tuxedomoon's *Half-Mute* and "What Use?"/"Crash."

continued on page 75

SIDEBAR

EURORÖK FOR THE '80s by Ted White

Like a pebble tossed into the world pond in the fifties by Chuck Berry & Co., rock has made ever spreading ripples in the music on our planet. Few Americans realized this until the "British Invasion" of the mid sixties, when some of that rock came home again. But the process continues . . .

In roughly twenty-five years, rock in its growth and development has recapitulated the history of four hundred years of classical music and eighty years of jazz. From simple, functional dance music (the origins of most music) rock has evolved into multifaceted music of amazing range, depth, and complexity. This has occurred not because of any outside forces but because the individuals who make the music have grown as artists and their ambitions for their music have similarly matured. In the sixties this process was startlingly obvious as a whole generation of musicians — and their audiences along with them — made quantum leaps from simple three-chord dance music to music of a surprisingly challenging nature: from "I Want to Hold Your Hand" to "A Day in the Life."

The seventies saw great diversification and much retrenching. Musicians who played in garage bands in their teens and in stadiums in their twenties couldn't keep growing with their music when they reached their thirties — they couldn't even find the necessary direction for further growth. In the United States, that is. In other countries where the musical traditions were less populist and less constricting, further growth was not only possible, but inevitable.

England not only gave us the Beatles and the Stones in the sixties, it gave us King Crimson (whose achievements have yet to be equaled, much less surpassed), and Roxy Music in the early seventies.

Italy took the classical inclinations of British progressive rockers, connected them with a strong cultural bias for classical forms and melodic exploration, and between 1970 and 1976 produced more than fifty bands whose music extended the directions pointed to by King Crimson, Van Der Graaf Generator, Genesis, and Yes.

And Germany . . .

In Germany, Stockhausen had been a pioneer in electronic music (exerting a strong influence on the Beatles in their *Revolver* period), and the acid-eating San Francisco hippie ethic had caught on strong by the end of the sixties, with communes forming and developing into bands like the early Amon Duul

continued on page 74

THE DRUILLET INTERVIEW
by Brad Balfour

Hidden in a pleasant middle-class suburb just outside of Paris, the facade of Philippe Druillet's home hardly suggests any of his peculiar preoccupations. But the world behind that facade is a constant tribute to his macabre consciousness. Druillet's environment is steeped in the Gothic, the extraordinary, and the fantastic. The living room is adorned with enough period furniture to seem like a drawing room out of the pages of Sherlock Holmes. The walls display a mix of Druillet's own ornate visual orgasms and his sources of inspiration. And the study, which dominates the entire half a house Druillet and his second wife live in, is a huge museum cataloging all of Druillet's various obsessions. This split-level room, with one wall divided by a mezzaninelike partition, contains his vast collection of metal toys. Against another wall lies a huge cabinet filled with first editions of Jules Verne and other early SF and fantasy writers. On his work table sit little shogun toys and other objects, like the monkey skull on which Druillet has painted a mystical symbol of his own design.

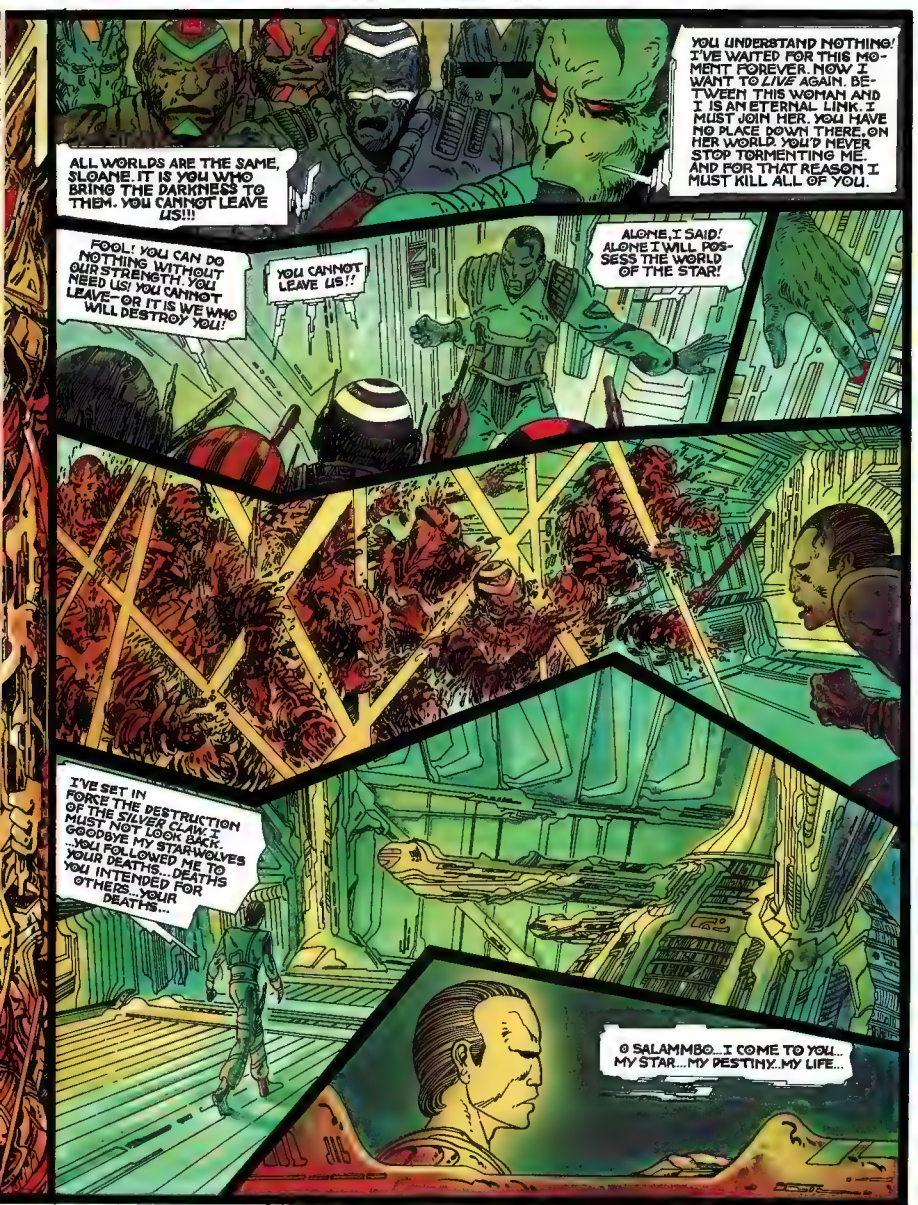
It's hard to believe a comfortable, almost laid-back *university town like Toulouse would produce such a character as Druillet. But being born in such a chaotic, desolate time as 28 June 1944, would certainly leave its mark on any infant's consciousness. And my first meeting with Philippe Druillet hardly belied the internal strangeness of this husky, lantern-jawed genius of comic art. Although our first conversation at a party certainly indicated some note of oddness—after all, we did go on about the brilliant images of brutal sex and technology in J.G. Ballard's novel* Crash*—it didn't seem so apparent at first. But after a sustained exposure to Druillet's intense eyes, and his fascination with the grotesque and bizarre, I came to appreciate and respect his understanding for such realms. As he explained, "Fifteen or twenty years ago when you spoke of SF in France you were thought of as a madman. Nobody understood what you were talking about. I just lived in my own world." Well, Druillet has thoroughly reinforced his own interior visions with a world filled with an unreal ambiance. Even his stately blonde Swedish wife, Anita, carries that sense of fantasy about her. Still, in conversation with an interpreter at hand (Druillet speaks little English and I, little French) Druillet is forever open, gracious, and enthusiastic. Combined with his sense of humor, and those unique sensibilities that generate his drawings, this interview turned into quite an inspiring day.*

HM: When did you make your first drawing?
Druillet: At two years old [*laughs*]. No, I'd say, at about four or five years old. I always remember doing designs. Since I was a little boy it was my way of expressing myself. A child feels very early if he is interested in music, designs, reading, or writing. For me, drawing was my thing.
HM: Do you still have your first drawing?
Druillet: No, and I regret it. But when I was eight or nine I had little drawing books from school. I began from the beginning of the book to make drawings and filled the entire book. But now, they're all lost. When I was little my parents had to move around and I lost a lot of stuff because I couldn't take it with me.
HM: Well, what did your family do?
Druillet: My father died when I was very young and my mother didn't have any money—she was kind of a proletarian. My father, uh, took to the wrong camp during the war. That's why he had to go away [*laughs*].
HM: You mean, he was a Nazi?
Druillet: No, you can't say Nazi because it gets people . . .
HM: Oh, a collaborator.
Druillet: Yes, he was a collaborator. About 50 percent of the French people were during the war. But they don't like to admit it.
HM: How did that background influence you?
Druillet: Well, everybody knows childhood marks you forever. You don't have to be an analyst to know that. What I really missed in my childhood was a cultural surrounding. There wasn't a culture surrounding me, and I think that's most important. I felt I never really adapted to society. When I went to school or when I was beginning to work, in fact, on all social levels, I felt I never was adapted. Especially when I was in the army. That's why I began to work and make my drawings, to get rid of the whole thing, live in my own surroundings, and not have to deal with society.
HM: More specifically, how do you feel the absence of a father affected your work?
Druillet: The absence of a father is an unconscious thing that I don't feel is directly in my work. More it's like the shock of discovering certain old books; I realize that my father might have been able to show me things that I missed because he died. I met death very early as a child. It's a thing that has made me hypersensitive and receptive to shocks in my life. That's why my work is full of shocks. My work opens the door to the fantastic. The time when children are young is a very important period. It has left a profound mark on me for all my life.
HM: What age would you say was the most profound?
Druillet: Very, very young and before I was really aware. After my father died, when I was seven, and my mother was alone. Seeing my mother all alone was the thing that really affected me and made me begin to draw.
HM: And your first inspiration?
Druillet: Very simple. I was in school and a friend, an older boy, was sitting next to me at the table. He was drawing a port with a boat and waves and the sea. I was very impressed because it was the first time I saw somebody else creating a piece of reality with a pencil on paper. It was sensually fascinating, almost sexual. I was not only seeing the work but seeing the man with his hand actually drawing the design. It was very sensual.
HM: Why sexual?
Druillet: It was sexual because, as a young boy, there were no walls in my head separating things. It was sexual not in the sense of sex but as in love, love for the boy doing the things I loved myself. It was magical for me. The second moment was when I was around twelve years old. I was at my uncle's house for the holidays, and I discovered a book of Gustave Doré, *Les Fables de la Fontaine*, a very large book of drawings. I remember climbing on a chair because I was so little and it was so large, and then I plunged into the book. Nearly all of my vacation—I felt so little—I was deeply into that book. Interesting, that first jolt was like a meeting of the innocent and the second one was really professional. Do you understand?
HM: When did you really begin drawing?
Druillet: Much later, before the army, when I was sixteen or seventeen. Many of my drawings were influenced by American comics. The American comic artists of the Second World War: Alex Raymond, Burne Hogarth and company. Before the army I was a photographer because there was no money and I had to work. It was very bad work, only weddings, little boys, very stupid and not very interesting. I did make pictures of concerts—rock-'n'-roll musicians, jazz musicians. I photographed Gene Vincent in the 1960s.
HM: When did you go into the army?
Druillet: I was twenty; it was 1964, in Paris. After the army, I was fed up. After the army I decided to stop everything and just make my drawings. I just decided to end everything after the army because it was really the end of a chain: that means parents, childhood, school, work, the whole thing of society at that time. It was very important for me.
HM: What was it like in the army for you? It must have been a difficult time.
Druillet: It was terrifying for me. It was a time when France wasn't fighting but people were into military things, so there was this pressure from all those around me. I spent a lot of days in prison because I could not support their rules.
HM: You were in military prison?

continued on page 14

SALAMMBO
DRUILLET

OUTSIDE THE SILVER CLAW THERE WERE BAD OMENS EVERYWHERE. WITH AWED EYES THE VESSEL'S CREW WATCHED WHILE THE SAVIOR OF LIGHT, FIRE AND THUNDER HURLED HIS RAYS AGAINST THE SHIP... A HORRIBLE OMEN...!
YOU MUST NOT LEAVE!
I WANT THAT WOMAN. SHE HAS BEEN HAUNTING ME FOR CENTURIES...!
YOU WOULDN'T DESTROY US ALL FOR A WHORE! YOU CAN'T LEAVE US—YOU CAN'T CONQUER HER WORLD ALONE! ALONE YOU'RE NOTHING!
I'M SLOANE..WITH A TIGER'S...EVIL...
...BLOOD!!
YOU CAN'T LEAVE WITHOUT US!
I NEED NO ONE! I'M TIRED OF WANDERING. THIS WORLD IS FOR ME—I KNOW IT! I SHALL DROWN IN IT, DISSOLVE MYSELF IN IT...FORGET YOU AND EVERYTHING FROM WHICH I CAME...NOW, LET ME GO...


YOU UNDERSTAND NOTHING! I'VE WAITED FOR THIS MOMENT FOREVER. NOW I WANT TO *LIVE* AGAIN. BETWEEN THIS WOMAN AND I IS AN ETERNAL LINK. I MUST JOIN HER. YOU HAVE NO PLACE DOWN THERE, ON HER WORLD. YOU'D NEVER STOP TORMENTING ME. AND FOR THAT REASON I MUST KILL ALL OF YOU.
ALL WORLDS ARE THE SAME, SLOANE. IT IS YOU WHO BRING THE DARKNESS TO THEM. YOU CANNOT LEAVE US!!!
ALONE, I SAID! ALONE I WILL POSSESS THE WORLD OF THE STAR!
YOU CANNOT LEAVE US!!
FOOL! YOU CAN DO NOTHING WITHOUT OUR STRENGTH. YOU NEED US! YOU CANNOT LEAVE- OR IT IS WE WHO WILL DESTROY YOU!
I'VE SET IN FORCE THE DESTRUCTION OF THE *SILVER LAW*. I MUST NOT LOOK BACK. GOODBYE MY STAR-WOLVES ...YOU FOLLOWED ME TO YOUR DEATHS...DEATHS YOU INTENDED FOR OTHERS...YOUR DEATHS...
O SALAMMBO...I COME TO YOU... MY STAR...MY DESTINY...MY LIFE...

TO BE CONTINUED...?

THE DRUILLET INTERVIEW
by Brad Balfour

continued from page 0

Druillet: Yes. In 1964 there wasn't the political conscience to avoid the draft as there is today. Nowadays most people do whatever they have to to avoid the army, but in 1964 it was very rare. Otherwise, I never would have gone.

HM: So what happened?

Druillet: It's very stupid, it's not very interesting. I mean the usual thing that happens in the army: rebelling against your leaders. But I prefer not to talk about it because it's [illegible]. It was just disobedience fighting with the officials. Since I've been born, I've been under everybody's laws and then in the army. I was not only under the laws of the officers, those above, but under laws even from the other guys in the army. For me the army was the summit of all this sort of stupidity and ignorance. After that I just stopped everything that didn't interest me and was just making drawings.

HM: When did you make your first album of drawings?

Druillet: In 1966, but it wasn't very good; it was very naive. Four years elapsed before the magazine *Pilote* came out with my work. Before that I was just making my work better. I just did little drawings for little magazines that weren't very good. And then there were illustrated books and posters. I was making my own stories, but I couldn't find any publishers because my work was very advanced. Nobody in France really understood what I was doing. After 1968, though, a lot of things changed.

HM: Nineteen-sixty-eight was a year of political revolution in France. Where were you?

Druillet: Well, before that I didn't have any idea about politics. I was just trying to forget my own past and background. Afterwards, I was able to accept my own background; everything changed after 1968. There was a lot more freedom, and a lot of people could do a lot more work because they could get it published. In the beginning, I couldn't work because publishers were afraid of my work. My inner self was exploding, but I didn't have the support to let it out. All my influences, all my experience was within me, ready to be let out.

HM: What influences?

Druillet: Movies: *King Kong*, *The Thief of Bagdad*, *Dracula*, *Frankenstein*, the films of Terrance Fisher, and the German expressionist films like *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, *The Golem*, and *Nosferatu*. The sound wasn't important, the visual was. Many, many movies -- Paul Lenny, Pap Nurao, Marcel Pagnol -- the Fabienne movie was very important to me. All the American and French movies of that time.

HM: Other influences?

Druillet: Graphics among the French. Gustave Dore, Robida, Grandville, and other illustrators of the time. In the States, and the English Dulac, Rackham, Harry Clarke, Howard Pyle, Maxfield Parrish, and many others. I discovered them when I was a teenager. Also very important to me is Lovecraft. It was very incredible to me as a teenager.

HM: How about illustrators like Hannes Bok?

Druillet: Oh, yes. Bok, the illustrator of Lovecraft, he's curious, a strange animal illustrator. And Virgil Finlay. And one man was very important to me in discovering these artists: Jean Boullet. He was a French newspaperman who died a couple of years ago; the secretary to Sasha Gitry and a close friend of the director of *Scorpio Rising*, Kenneth Anger. He was very intelligent, very crazy, and a collector of many things. In his house I discovered many things.

HM: What about literary influences? Whom do you read in the fantastic?

Druillet: There was a period when I read lots of SF. But today I read it very little. My literary taste ranges from modern novelists like William Burroughs to Charles Bukowski and Hubert Selby. Les Humanoides Associes (the French publisher of *Metal Hurlant*) publish Selby's books and Bukowski's. I like a lot of nineteenth-century writers, and writers like Thomas Disch, Phillip K. Dick, Michael Moorcock, Alfred Bester, Roger Zelazny, and Ray Bradbury---many American writers, and some English. All the waves from the sixties and seventies. And J. G. Ballard's *Crash*, his only really crazy book. For me, *Crash* is very similar to my album *The Night*. I think when Ballard wrote his book he had lost his wife in a car accident. *Crash* is a book of madness. Ballard went beyond the limits of his own vision of consciousness. It's like experiencing the thoughts of a hallucinating sexual maniac. It was the same condition for me of going beyond the limits when I made *The Night*. Done after the death of my first wife, Nicole, it was overpowering, my most visionary and lucid work.

HM: Why do you think this literature of despair, these stories of violence and brutal sexuality, are appealing?

Druillet: It's part of the world that surrounds us, and I think that the role of creators like myself and Ballard, or people like Disch and John Brunner, awakens the world to these realities. There is sort of a collective consciousness, and people all over the world share this consciousness. Though they are not confronted with the same problems, they cope in the same way. The role of the creator today is like that of an animal within a herd of animals who warns all the other animals of the danger that is near. He is trying to awaken their consciousness to the danger. We are now at a point in our society of such self-destruction that we must just learn to get along, to just go on. I am just observing the show of autodestruction, and at the limits, at the edge, it is, in its way, beautiful. I am not outside of the problem at all, though. I'm in it like all the rest.

HM: So you aren't simply like the Watcher, a character from Marvel Comics?

Druillet: Marvel Comics I read very little. I am not a fan of comics, but I am appreciative of the covers. The insides are good, but the covers are magnificent. They are sublime, authentic modern art. I am an observer. As an illustrator I am always looking at the way people function, what they are talking about, and what they are saying. I feel what they need and where it comes from.

HM: And what do you see?

Druillet: Among all these crazy things and crazy people some have a permanence, they survive. The whole world we're living in is mad, but there are different forms of madness. I am interested in the aesthetic and Baroque forms. Two outstanding examples are Louis de Bavière and Jack the Ripper. Both of them were aesthetes. Crazy Louis de Bavière was a king from the eighteenth century -- Visconti made a movie on him -- who had these magnificent castles in the south of Germany. He spent all the money of his country just on the construction of an aesthetic. In the United States, Howard Hughes was his equivalent. Louis de Bavière had enormous greenhouses, very beautiful, built for just one little flower so it would have the exact light it needed. For me, it's the beauty of the craziness and the craziness of the beauty.

HM: But Jack the Ripper?

Druillet: Maybe Jack the Ripper killing people in the sordid streets of London can't be called beautiful, but when he dragged his victims to his place and killed them there in his cellar he would make decorative designs with the pieces of chopped bodies—the intestines, liver, lungs. He was creating paintings; he was a mad, marvelous aesthete. He was crazy in a completely aesthetic way. It's the aesthetic of those who have the means to be crazy this way. You have all the crazy people on the street, but they don't have the means to show their craziness in the same way. In a way it's a question of social position. There's, say, the craziness of Philippe, who's making his drawings while others are doing their movies, or music or writing books, and then there's the craziness of the people on the street going to work in the morning and coming home at night. I mean, it's not the same thing.

HM: So you're crazy, eh?

Druillet: I mean, if I weren't drawing, I would go crazy. I would be a sick man. It's very important to me, it's like psychoanalysis to me. My work isn't intellectual work, it's instinctual. There have been a lot of people, like doctors and writers, who have seen my work and want a psychoanalytic discussion or to psychoanalyze me, but I've never wanted that. My proper analysis is in my work. I am more or less normal because I'm able to get rid of whatever bad things are inside me. I have found balance through the imbalancedness of my work.

HM: Well, have you actually been crazy?

Druillet: There were very hard periods when I was a teenager. It's the total denunciation, when you don't feel good in your skin and there's this imbalance where you hate everybody.

HM: Are there specific experiences—anecdotes—you can describe that illustrate this state of mind or which inform your work?

Druillet: There's no story—it's the sensations of fear, of panic, the fear of death, of war, of going out on the streets, of others. I mean, no communication with anyone else. I was incapable of a social life.

HM: But when you were in this state, did you express this madness sexually? There's certainly enough sexually violent imagery in your work to suggest it.

Druillet: Well, I have to begin somewhere. I was very cruel and very sensitive in my adolescence. I was very tortured, even before being a teenager and discovering all the sexuality. But it's not something I want to talk about. It's just the classical story about kids. A typical story of my youth: yes, I was cruel to animals. I used to kill them. Once I killed them, I would cry and be very sad and upset. So I'd give them a funeral, making it into a ceremony with temples, and be upset for days. I did this several times between ten and fifteen year old.

HM: When did you feel things were changing mentally for you? When did your work start to be cathartic for this madness?

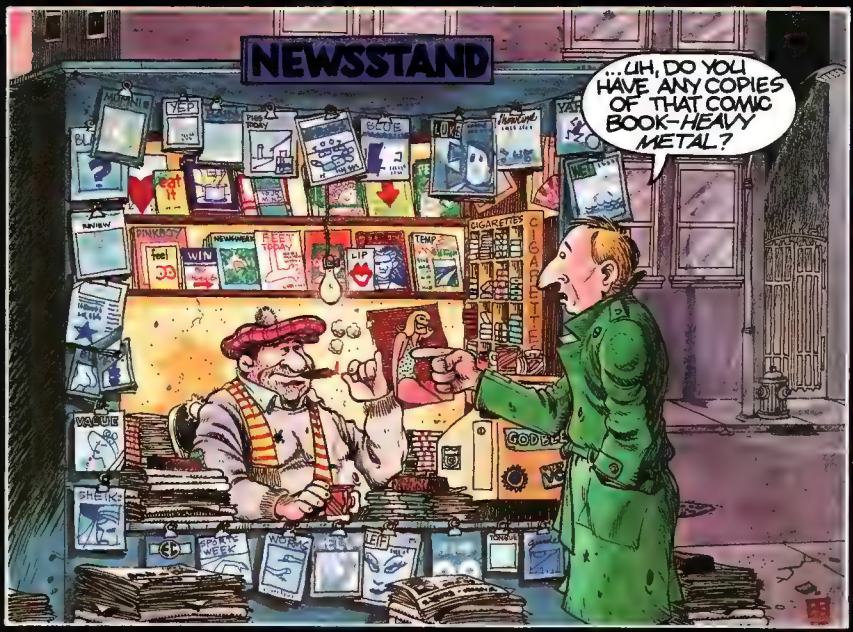
Druillet: I felt I was getting a little less crazy when, around twenty years old, I met my first wife, Nicole, and when I met friends who were seriously interested in my work. At the same time I met my wife, I discovered music—the Rolling Stones, the Beatles—it all hit me at the same time. It was as if I had lived all my adolescence in some very intense space where I was doing many things but not seeing any people because I found few to whom I could speak. Rather than gradually, the general things of a whole generation, the music, the books, the cinema, the drawings, all hit me at the same time. Before, it was like I was a middle-aged man.

HM: Since sexuality figures so strongly in your work, can you tell me of any sexual experiences that were significant?

Druillet: My first wife was the first woman in my life who meant anything to me. She was important in my life, and my drawings. She was 50 percent of my creations. She gave me confidence.

continued on page 96

SHAME ON YOU!



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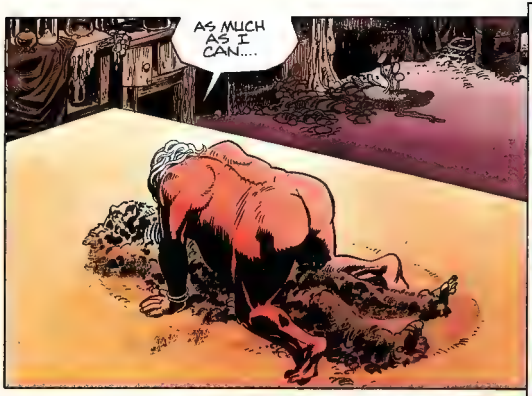
the alchemist supreme

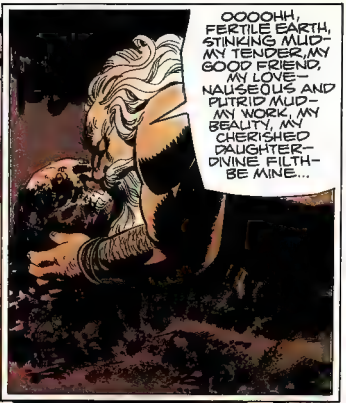
part five

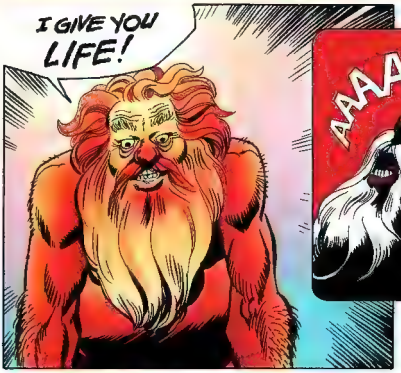
By Godard and Ribera

BUT, O MASTER OF ALL THAT HAS EVER BEEN CONCEIVED--! IT'S BEEN THOUSANDS OF YEARS SINCE YOU GAVE UP CREATING--YOU VOWED NEVER TO TRY IT AGAIN! THEY'RE STILL TALKING ABOUT THE LAST TIME...!
IT WAS A CATASTROPHE!
AND WHO ARE YOU TO BE TELLING ME?
I NEED LIGHT— THE LAMPS!
TO DO A GOOD JOB, I SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN READY--GOTTEN MYSELF IN SHAPE! SOME CREATOR I AM NOW! YOU DON'T CREATE THINGS JUST BY SNAPPING YOUR FINGERS...!
ONE MUST WARM UP. A CREATOR MUST! ONE MUST GET ONESELF WORKED UP, CHARGED UP MENTALLY! IT'S NECESSARY TO HAVE TIME AND TO FIND THE EXACT MOMENT...!
AND THINGS ARE SO DISGUSTING IN HERE! EVERYTHING HAS DECOMPOSED, GONE ROTTEN! I DON'T HAVE HALF OF WHAT I NEED, EITHER! I SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN ALL THE NECESSARY MATERIALS TOGETHER--THE RAW MATERIAL, A FEW ACCESSORIES.... HOW CAN YOU EXPECT ME TO WORK WELL IN CONDITIONS LIKE THESE?
UH-HUH....
WELL, SHIT! BAD AS IT IS, I'LL TRY IT! WE'LL SEE!

SAY, HOW ABOUT ANOTHER HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION OF AXLE'S DREAM-LOVER— JUST TO REFRESH YOUR MEMORY?
THERE'S NO POINT IN IT. I'VE GOT A VERY GOOD MEMORY FOR FACES!
AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR YOU TWO TO GO OUTSIDE AND WAIT IN THE CORRIDOR. I DO THIS BEST ALONE...!
THIS IS IT— I CAN FEEL IT COMING!!!


AS MUCH AS I CAN....

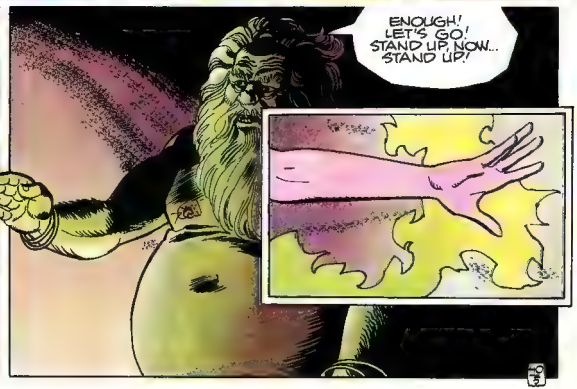

OOOOHH, FERTILE EARTH, STINKING MUD- MY TENDER, MY GOOD FRIEND, MY LOVE- NAUSEOUS AND PUTRID MUD- MY WORK, MY BEAUTY, MY CHERISHED DAUGHTER- DIVINE FILTH- BE MINE...


I GIVE YOU LIFE!

AAAAAHHH!!!

FRCHHHH
FIIIIZZZ...
FROCHH
GLOUB

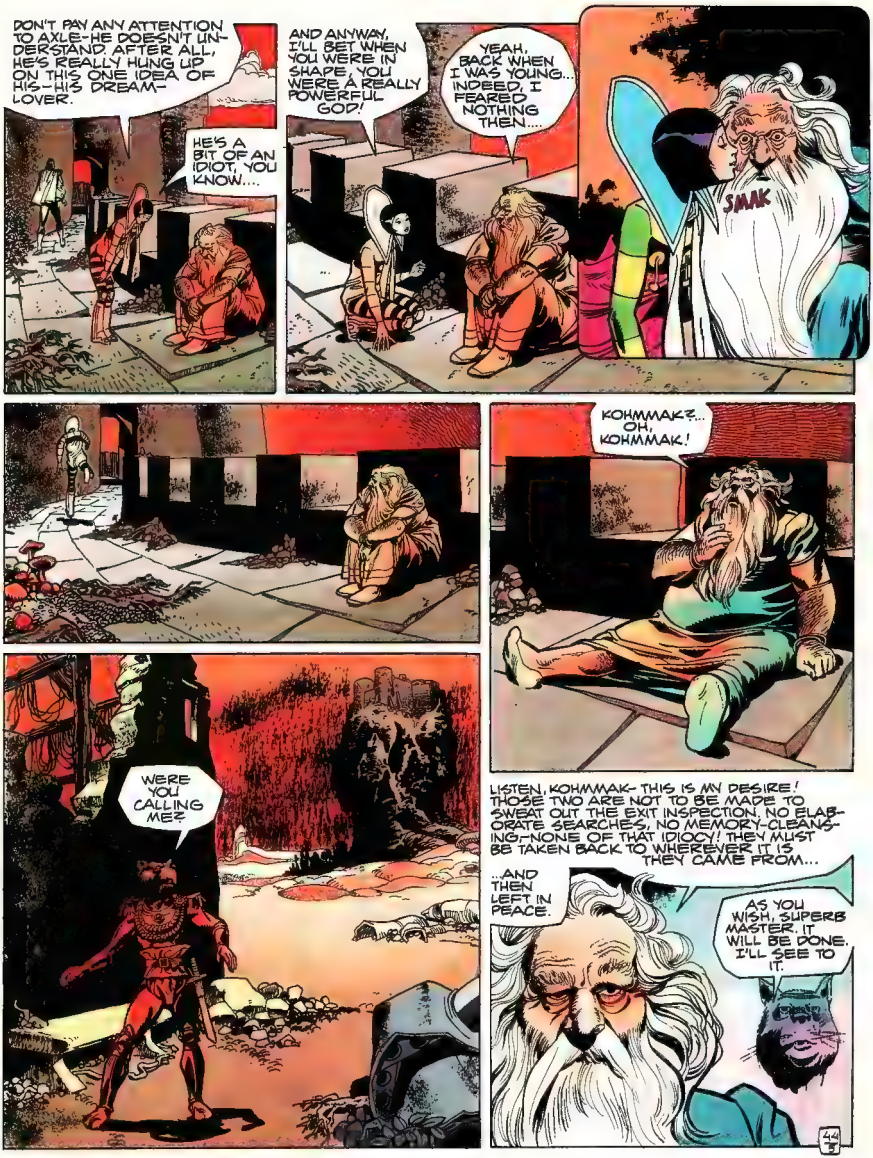
FRCHHH
GLOUB

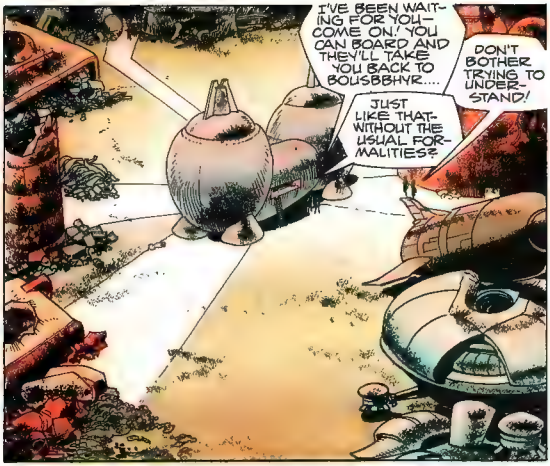

ENOUGH! LET'S GO! STAND UP, NOW... STAND UP!

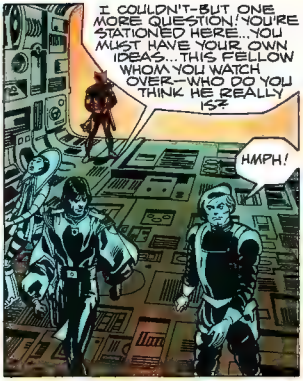
IT'S GOTTEN REALLY QUIET....
WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE?
AXLE, I LOVE YOU!...
THAT VOICE- IT'S HER! THAT'S HER VOICE!
AXLE, I LOVE YOU....
AAHHH...
AXLE, I LOVE YOU....

AXLE, I LOVE YOU... I LOVE YOU... I LOVE YOU... I LOVE YOU...
SHEESH! THIS NAMELESS HORROR-DOESN'T SHE KNOW HOW TO SAY ANYTHING EXCEPT "I LOVE YOU-I LOVE YOU" LIKE A DERANGED PARROT? IT'S ENOUGH TO DRIVE A PERSON CRAZY, LISTENING TO THAT..!
I LOVE YOU...
I LOVE YOU, AXLE...
I LOVE YOU.
AXLE....
AXLE... I... LOVE YOU... I... LOVE... YOU...

WELL, OKAY! A GOOD JOB! WHAT A BODY, HAHAHA! A REAL DREAM-LOVER!— WHAT A FARCE!
PLAF
I CAN'T DO IT ANY-MORE!
WELL, THE VOICE WASN'T BAD, THOUGH....
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU REALLY ARE, BUT IF YOU'RE SOME SORT OF A GOD THEN YOU'RE THE MOST CLUMSY, USE-LESS, RIDICULOUS GOD I'VE EVER HEARD OF— A GOD OF COMEDY, A BUFFOON!
I'M FINISHED WITH YOU!
COME ON, AXLE—THAT'S ENOUGH. LEAVE HIM ALONE!
WAIT! WHAT ABOUT GOLD? YOU WANT GOLD? I CAN STILL MAKE GOLD—I HELD ONTO THAT! IT'S NOT AS EASY AS IT SEEMS, YOU KNOW! I CAN MAKE A RIVER OF GOLD FLOW FROM YOUR FINGERS—YOU WANT TO SEE IT...?
NO?
AHHH, I KNOW WHAT YOU THINK— THAT I'M NO LONGER GOOD FOR ANY-THING EXCEPT MAKING MONEY...!


DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO AXLE-HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND AFTER ALL, HE'S REALLY HUNG UP ON THIS ONE IDEA OF HIS-HIS DREAM-LOVER.
HE'S A BIT OF AN IDIOT, YOU KNOW....
AND ANYWAY, I'LL BET WHEN YOU WERE IN SHAPE, YOU WERE A REALLY POWERFUL GOD!
YEAH, BACK WHEN I WAS YOUNG... INDEED, I FEARED NOTHING THEN...
SMAK
KOHMMAK?... OH, KOHMMAK!
WERE YOU CALLING ME?
LISTEN, KOHMMAK- THIS IS MY DESIRE! THOSE TWO ARE NOT TO BE MADE TO SWEAT OUT THE EXIT INSPECTION, NO ELABORATE SEARCHES, NO MEMORY-CLEANSING-NONE OF THAT IDIOCY! THEY MUST BE TAKEN BACK TO WHERE IT IS THEY CAME FROM...
...AND THEN LEFT IN PEACE.
AS YOU WISH, SUPERB MASTER. IT WILL BE DONE. I'LL SEE TO IT.

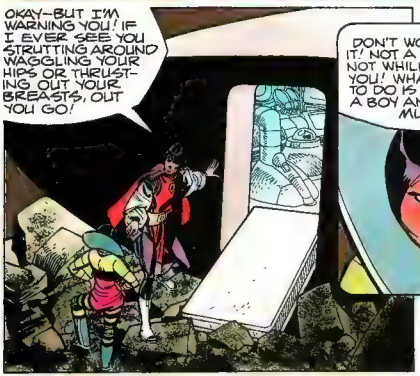

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU—COME ON! YOU CAN BOARD AND THEY'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO BOUSBBHYR....
DON'T BOTHER TRYING TO UNDERSTAND!
JUST LIKE THAT—WITHOUT THE USUAL FORMALITIES?


I COULDN'T—BUT ONE MORE QUESTION! YOU'RE STATIONED HERE. YOU MUST HAVE YOUR OWN IDEAS... THIS FELLOW WHOM YOU WATCH OVER—WHO DO YOU THINK HE REALLY IS?
HMPH!

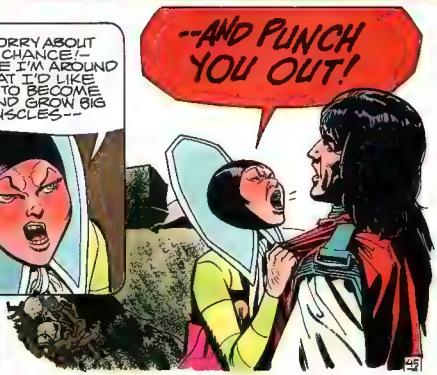
THERE'S A LOT OF FOOLISH STORIES GOING AROUND ABOUT HIM, BUT HE'S JUST AN OLD ALCHEMIST. WOMEN ARE BROUGHT TO HIM AND HE MAKES GOLD. HE'S CRAZY. BUT THE GUILD ALWAYS NEEDS GOLD. IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT!

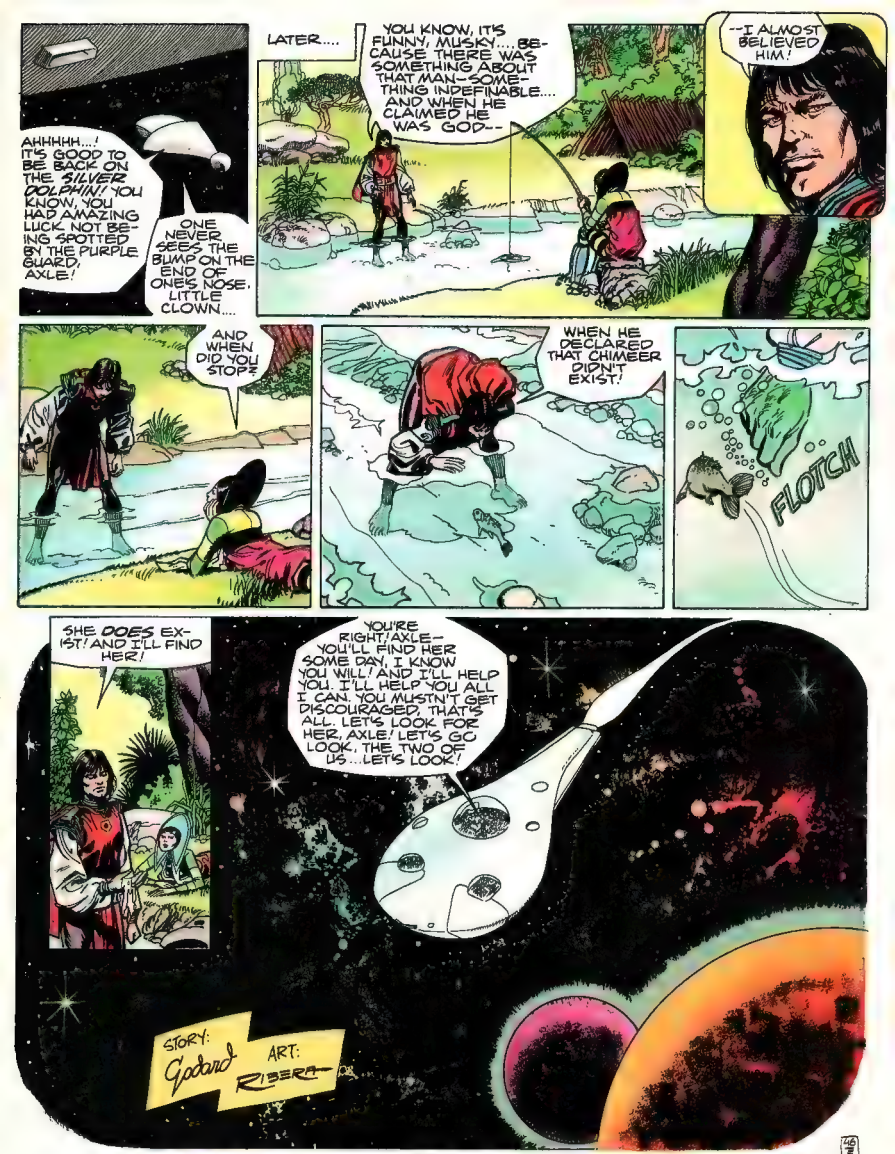
MAYBE NOT AS SIMPLE AS YOU THINK, BUDDY-BOY!

A WHILE LATER, ON BOUSBBHYR...
SO, YOU'RE A GIRL NOW, ARE YOU?
WELL, YEAH, I SUPPOSE SO, MORE OR LESS...


OKAY—BUT I'M WARNING YOU! IF I EVER SEE YOU STRUTTING AROUND WAGGLING YOUR HIPS OR THRUSTING OUT YOUR BREASTS, OUT YOU GO!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT! NOT A CHANCE!—NOT WHILE I'M AROUND YOU! WHAT I'D LIKE TO DO IS TO BECOME A BOY AND GROW BIG MUSCLES--


--AND PUNCH YOU OUT!


AHHHHH...! IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK ON THE SILVER DOLPHIN! YOU KNOW, YOU HAD AMAZING LUCK NOT BEING SPOTTED BY THE PURPLE GUARD, AXLE!
ONE NEVER SEES THE BUMP ON THE END OF ONE'S NOSE, LITTLE CLOWN....
LATER....
YOU KNOW, IT'S FUNNY, MUSKY.... BECAUSE THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THAT MAN--SOMETHING INDEFINABLE.... AND WHEN HE CLAIMED HE WAS GOD--
--I ALMOST BELIEVED HIM!
AND WHEN DID YOU STOP?
WHEN HE DECLARED THAT CHIMEER DIDN'T EXIST!
FLOTCH
SHE DOES EXIST! AND I'LL FIND HER!
YOU'RE RIGHT, AXLE--YOU'LL FIND HER SOME DAY, I KNOW YOU WILL! AND I'LL HELP YOU. I'LL HELP YOU ALL I CAN. YOU MUSTN'T GET DISCOURAGED, THAT'S ALL. LET'S LOOK FOR HER, AXLE! LET'S GO LOOK, THE TWO OF US...LET'S LOOK!
STORY: Godard ART: RIBERA

LOOK FOR AXLE AND MUSKY TO RETURN IN "WHAT IS REALITY, PAPA?" IN NOVEMBER!

THE ADVENTURES OF PROFESSOR THINTWHISTLE AND HIS INCREDIBLE AETHER FLYER

Chapter Eight

There can be little dispute, reader, touching upon the singular events of the past chapter, that actual fact is often as confounding as fantasies commonly found in the pages of *Mark the Match Boy*. For no sooner had *Professor Theobald Ursah Thintwhistle* and his youthful companion *Herkimer* established contact with the feline inhabitants of Felissa *ALEPH*, than the other two planets of the Felissa family, *beth* and *gemmel* fell into Spatial Alignment. When this transpires, all cats and other loose objects on the face of the *outer* planets are drawn by complex gravitational forces to the central orb (and why bore the reader with the mechanics of this phenomenon?). In this manner the three planets of Felisia periodically shift population from one to another, assuring the cultural continuity of the great people of the Felisan system. If the Professor and Herkimer were discomfited by this experience, one can only imagine the depths of their discomposure upon the discovery of the theft of the *Chester Alan Arthur*, "liberated" by *Menelek XX Chaka* (formerly *Jefferson Jackson Clay*) in a mighty blow to the forces of white colonial imperialism!!

AH, PROFESSOR, NOW WE ARE TRULY LOST!
NEVER AGAIN SHALL I "LOLLYGAG" ABOUT WITH THE FELLOWS AT THE DEAR OLD BUFFALO FALLS NORMAL SCHOOL!
CHOKE!
LUDOFF & STILES

...NEVER AGAIN SHALL WE SET FOOT UPON THE SACRED SOIL OF OUR BELOVED POTAWATAMY COUNTY! O PROFESSOR, SAGE AND MENTOR, WHY DID WE EVER LEAVE HOME AND HEARTH?

WITH THIS PITEOUS ORATION, DELIVERED IN COMPANY OF FACIAL EXPRESSIONS AND MANUAL GESTICULATIONS CAREFULLY LEARNED IN THE NORMAL SCHOOL'S DRAMATIC DECLAMATION SYLLABUS, THE POOR LAD COLLAPSED INTO A RENEWED FRESHLET OF TEARS!

WHAT THOUGHTS OCCUPIED THE SAVANT'S CRANIUM AT THAT MOMENT WE KNOW **NOT**, ALTHOUGH WE HAVE IN THE PAST DETECTED UNKIND NOTIONS UPON HIS PART AS DIRECTED TOWARD THE SIMPLE, YET EARNEST, YOUTH.

MY DEAR FELINES, YOU ARE THOROUGHLY FAMILIAR WITH OUR SAD PLIGHT, DO YOU NOT THINK IT WOULD BE APT FOR US TO MAKE OUR WAY TO THE LOCAL RULER IN ORDER THAT WE MIGHT DELIVER OUR PLEA FOR ASSISTANCE?
SURE!
SOON THE QUARTET WAS WELL WITHIN THE WALLED CONFINES OF A VAST METROPOLIS; FRITZBURG, ROYAL CAPITAL AND PROUD URBAN JEWEL OF FELISIA-BETH!
WHEW!
GOOD 'NIP!
I'M FLYIN'!
AT THIS JUNCTURE THE COMPANIONS REACHED THE ROYAL PALACE OF FRITZBURG, WHERE THE FORMER KING OF FELISIA-ALEPH WAS IMMEDIATELY RECOGNIZED BY THE CHAMBERLAIN ON DUTY AND THE FOUR WERE USHERED WITHOUT DELAY INTO THE AUDIENCE CHAMBER OF HIS MAJESTY, KING CLEMENT VII OF FELISIA-BETH!
INCOMPETENT, FOOLISH, GRACELESS...

HIS ROYAL MAJESTY CLEMENT VII, KING OF FELISIA-BETH, RULER OF THE PLANETARY DOMAINS, REALMS AND WATERS, CO-MONARCH OF THE INTERPLANETARY AETHER! CLEMENT VII, THE PUSSIANT! THE GLORIOUS!
URP.
THE ROTUND AND INERT!
SEE THAT, HERKIMER? HE HATES TO TRAVEL, THE OLD LOAFER!

AFTER THE FOUR VISITORS WERE MADE TO KNEEL AND ROLL OVER IN DEFERENCE TO THE CROWN, SIR PURRFURR, FORMER COURT ADVISOR TO SIDNEY (FORMER MONARCH OF FELISIA-ALEPH), BEGAN AND CONCLUDED A CONCISE REPORT OF ALL THE PROFESSOR'S MISFORTUNE'S...
STRANDED EH?

WE FIND YOUR TALE, SIR PURRFURR, OF THE GREATEST INTEREST! LET US NOW HEAR FROM THE LESS HIRSUITE APE FIRST, IF YOU PLEASE.
THAT'S YOU, HERKIMER!

"UHH... AH... I... UM... AH-EM-HEM!
AHM... UMM... UH, ER...
UH...

IS THIS SOME KIND OF JOKE?
I APOLOGIZE, SIRE, FOR MY ASSOCIATE'S MOMENTARY INABILITY TO SPEAK! THE LAD IS BUT AWED BY THE PRESENCE OF TRUE MAJESTY!
SPEAK UP, YOU NINNY!

ER... AHEM!
...AND NOW FOR A BIT OF SONG!
'TIS IT STRANGE WHEN THE BAND PLAYS 'DIXIE' THAT HER SOFT BLUE ORBS BRIM UP WITH TEARS?
...AS THE SAILER BOYS FILE PAST HER WINDOW AND THE STREETS RING OUT WITH CHEERS?
...FOR 'TIS THEN HER HEART IS SADDEST...
HE IS ALSO SOMEWHAT SIMPLE!

WHILE THE PROFESSOR THROTTLES HERKIMER, LET US RECALL TO MIND A SCENE SINCE PAST AND LOOK UPON EDNA TAPHAMMER AND A **SOLEMN VOW** ONCE MADE.*

WINCHESTER, IF WE CAN BUT **LOCATE** THE PROFESSOR'S NOTEBOOKS WE CAN **DUPLICATE** HIS CRAFT AND FOLLOW HIM UPON THE GREAT VENTURE HE HAS UNDERTAKEN!

GASP!

*CHAPTER SIX--STUPIFYIN' STEVE!

AND WHAT OF THE **PRESENT?**

GASP! PANT!

MISS TAPHAMMER, WE HAVE **DISMANTLED** ALL THE FIREPLACES, STRIPPED ALL THE FURNITURE, AND PULLED UP THE FLOORING! STILL **NO** NOTEBOOKS!

RIP OUT THE WALLS!

TO RETURN TO THE **MOON,** THE AETHERIC VASTNESS WITHIN QUEEN SELENA, FELISIA-BETH, AND PROFESSOR THINTWHISTLE, WE FIND THE SPARKY OLD SAGE IN CONFERENCE WITH FRITZBURG'S LEADING ELECTRICAL SAVANT...

BEHIND THESE DOORS, THEOBALD, LIES A **SIGHT** TO **STUN** CEREBRATION!

...**AND** THE ANSWER TO YOUR PROBLEM!

?

?

OBSERVE, GENTLEMEN! THE SOLUTION TO ALL YOUR ANXIETIES!

...A CRAFT WITH WHICH YOU CAN PURSUE AND OVERTAKE YOUR STOLEN AETHER FLYER!

I REFER YOUR ATTENTION TO MY "*COLD-COPTER!*" THE *FRIGIDIA;* THE FIRST FLYING SHIP POWERED ENTIRELY BY **TEMPERATURE CONTRASTS!**

IT'S TOO **SMALL!**

YES, YES!

NOW, NOTE THE POWERFUL **COOLING** UNITS MOUNTED ON ROTATING GIMBELS; THESE PROJECT A FIELD OF INTENSE AETHERIC **COLD!**

WE'LL NEVER FIT IN **THAT!**

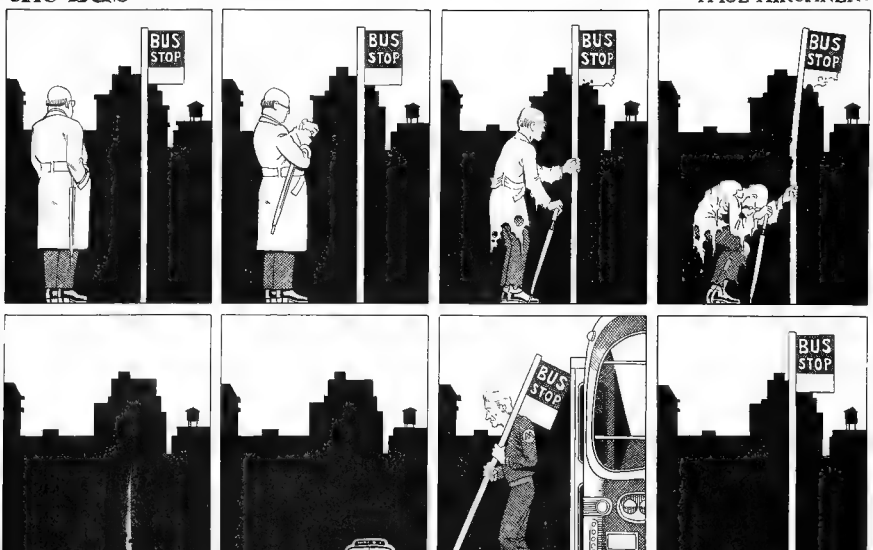
...BY THE WELL-KNOWN PRINCIPLE OF SHRINKAGE OR EXPANSION IN DIRECT PROPORTION TO THE PRESENCE OF HEAT, THE AETHER IS MADE TO "AH..." **CONTRACT** IN THE MOST DESIRED DIRECTION, CAUSING A PARTIAL VACUUM INTO WHICH THE COLD-COPTER IS DRAWN!

STRINGFELLOW, HOW DO YOU EXPECT THE TWO OF US TO FIT IN THAT THING?
AH, "SIZE," YOU MAY SAY, SIZE IS THE QUESTION!
NEVER MIND, DEAR FELLOW...
PHLOGISTON IS THE ANSWER!
PHLOGISTON!
OF COURSE!
PHLOGISTON?
LET ME EXPLAIN, HERKIMER!
HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED HOW A LOG WEIGHS LESS AFTER HAVING BEEN BURNED?
THAT LOG HAS LOST IT'S PHLOGISTON, RELEASED BY HEAT, IN THE FORM OF SMOKE!
FORTUNATELY, I HAVE CREATED A DEVICE WHICH WILL SIPHON OFF THE PHLOGISTON FROM YOUR BODIES...
...LIKE SO!
NOW YOU WILL BOTH FIT IN MY COLD-COPTER MODEL! UPON COMPLETION OF YOUR MISSION YOU HAVE BUT TO RETURN HERE AND WE WILL RESTORE YOUR PHLOGISTON, AND WITH IT YOUR ORIGINAL SIZES!
CLEO!
GOOD OLD PHLOGISTON!

MANY MOMENTS WERE REQUIRED FOR THE PROFESSOR TO FAMILIARIZE HIMSELF WITH THE FRIGIDIA'S OPERATING INSTRUMENTS, BUT AFTER SOME TIME HE WAS ABLE TO ADEQUATELY COMPREHEND THE DIRECTIONAL CONTROL OF THE COOLING UNITS TO ACHIEVE ABRUPT AND RADICAL ELEVATION...
LURCH!
WITH HERKIMER HOVERING AT HIS ELBOW, THE PROFESSOR PROMPTLY SET THE FRIGIDIA FOR A COURSE THAT DROVE HER AMONG THE THREE PLANETS OF THE FELISIAN GROUP.
GOOD LUCK, APES!
SUDDENLY, AS THE COLD-COPTER CIRCLED ABOVE THE GLOBE OF FELISIA-ALEPH...
LOOK, MENTOR!
WE HAVE FOUND THE TRAIL OF THE ERRANT JEFFERSON!
HUZZAH! WE SHALL YET BE SAVED!
AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT...
SHIP AHOY!
TAKE NO ONE ALIVE! KILL 'EM ALL!
WHILE BACK AGAIN IN BUFFALO FALLS, PA.
YOU MAY CEASE DISMANTLING, WINCHESTER! I HAVE FOUND THE NOTEBOOK!
I WAS STANDING ON IT ALL THE TIME!
TO BE CONTINUED

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER©



COMIX by Jay Kinney

continued from page 6

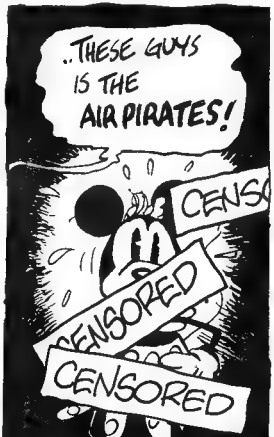
three male cartoonists trekked back down to San Francisco and right into O'Neill's studio, upstairs at the O'Farrell porn theater. Dan's vision of a group to do comics with was staring him in the face, and within hours the four had found and moved into a big warehouse-studio space south of Market on Harrison. When Shary moved down shortly afterward to live with Bobby, the Air Pirates were complete.

With three of the five artists in the group having grown up as military brats (O'Neill and Flenniken in the navy and Richards in the army) it is perhaps not surprising that the Air Pirates had about them the air of a high-powered commando squad, taking the underground-comix scene in San Francisco by storm.

Most of the then active "established" UG cartoonists had taken the forties and fifties comic-book greats as their models, studying and learning from them. With Dan O'Neill freshly sacrificed on the daily-strip altar the Air Pirates turned their gaze in that direction. Let the other UGers worship ECs and piss on the Marvels and DCs, the Air Pirates set their sights on different game: the old newspaper cartoonists and, the biggest target of all, *Disney*!

With the theory that the modern daily comics pages had been usurped by hacks and drawers of what O'Neill calls "these big balloon people," each cartoonist in the group chose a past master of the art form to revive and "become."

Bobby London took on George Herriman, creator of "Krazy Kat," and nailed the style to a tee in his own strip "Dirty Duck." Shary Flenniken's "Trots and Bonnie" emerged out of H. T. Webster's single-panel world. Gary Hallgren studied Cliff Sterrett's "Polly and Her Pals," updating it into



"Pollyanna Pals." Ted Richards first tried Bud Fisher (of "Mutt and Jeff") and then shifted several models, including George Baker (of "Sad Sack") and Jimmy Hatlo, for his strip about the 'nam-era army, "Dopin' Dan." O'Neill toyed with the "Happy Hooligan" style of F. Opper, but reserved his main energy for Disney.

The name Air Pirates itself had been lifted out of an old Mickey Mouse Big Little Book. In his notion of the group as media guerrillas, O'Neill saw them as pirating the air time, stealing the media back from its corporate keepers, snatching back the icons and images (like Mickey) drummed into us in our youth, and making them come to terms with the current times. Dan had already used a Disney character, Bucky Bug, in the latter days of his "Odd Bodkins" strip as he became increasingly annoyed with the *Chronicle*. Now with the Air Pirates, he could rescue Mickey, Donald, Bucky, and the gang from the sterile Disneyland they were marooned in. That was the theory.

Going after Disney also served a purpose in terms of forging a group spirit for the young artists. In O'Neill's words, "Disney was the easiest one to do, it was something we could all get on. . . . In improvisational theater the rules are: if you are going to do a game with another artist, you don't want to threaten their ego or threaten your (own) ego. So if you're drawing anyone else's characters, or if they started drawing mine, we'd all get a little sensitive . . . so we'd pick on Disney's, and that way we could experiment with forms and it wouldn't rack us up personally."

Of course, once the Disney lawyers got wind of what the Air Pirates were up to (and sued for

THE WORLD OF FIF
BY. ROCHBERNY
FIF THANK YOU FOR COMING TO BABY-SIT MY LITTLE DARLING..
YOU ARE A BIG BOY NOW, AREN'T YOU ?
YES MIAM
BE GOOD, I'LL COME BACK IN THREE HOURS.
ALONE! AT LAST.
HELP
ROCHBERNY

copyright infringement) the artists were indeed "racked up." Two more or less monthly issues of *Air Pirates Funnies* came out, complete with Mickey-and-Minnie sex, four-letter words, and bags of dope, before the legal shit hit the fan. Published by Last Gasp under the Air Pirates' own Hell Comics name (a spoof on Dell Comics), the issues were ordered yanked from distribution and destroyed. The original plan had been to produce the comic monthly, sell subscriptions, and somehow make a living from the project. This idea was soon abandoned in the face of Disney's suit asking $700,000 in damages from O'Neill, London, Hallgren, and Richards. (Shary Flenniken never participated in the Disney parodies.)

The Air Pirates planned to defend their case on the grounds of their right to parody and the freedom of the press . . . if the case went to trial. However, as this was a civil case, a trial was at the judge's discretion. In August 1975, after the defendants turned down an out-of-court settlement offered by Disney, the judge decided there was a clear case of copyright infringement and ruled in Disney's favor. No trial. An appeal was filed.

Meanwhile, the Air Pirates as a group began to splinter. In tackling Disney they had gained immediate media notoriety, but the reaction of the other UG cartoonists toward them was less than supportive.

Some viewed the Air Pirates as a quasi-Manson cult, a batch of young artists under O'Neill's fanatical control ("Air Moonies," as Ted Richards has retrospectively nicknamed the group). Some defended the group's right to parody Disney, but thought their appropriation of other cartoonists' styles was an artistic dead end. As the Air Pirates hoopla died down and the cartoonists began to evolve their own styles such gripes became fainter.

O'Neill produced three issues of *Dan O'Neill's Comics and Stories* for Company and Son, and then faded from the scene for a long spell. London and Flenniken became *National Lampoon* regulars, moving back to Seattle and later New York. Hallgren did a variety of free-lance illustrations and cartoon work. Richards developed Dopin' Dan, E. Z. Wolf, and the Forty-Year-Old Hippie into fully fleshed out characters with their own comics and also dove into a series of weekly and monthly strips for various publications.

In January of 1979 the Supreme Court upheld the original court ruling on the Air Pirates—they refused to hear the case. With financial ruin imminent, O'Neill decided to up the ante. He devised the Mouse Liberation Front (MLF), a sizeable group of anonymous artists, all willing to do Disney riffs. Perhaps in response to the new (and potentially endless) wave of parody/infringements, or perhaps out of weariness and/or wisdom, Disney offered the Air Pirates a new settlement pending the end of the MLF and the artists' agreeing to not discuss the settlement's terms. By January 1980 the case was finally over, the parody laws were as fuzzy as ever, and all concerned breathed a sigh of relief

Who won, if anyone? Had the Disney empire's stranglehold on exploiting Mickey Mouse's squeaky wholesomeness been weakened? Not really. On the other hand, Disney's image as a company of fun *had* been replaced in many comics fans' eyes with that of a furious Goliath madly trying to stomp out a handful of pip-squeak Davids

Ironically, other UG cartoonists had satirically attacked Disney earlier and gotten away with it. Most noticeable was Joel Beck, with his "Yellow Dog" strip portraying Mickey and Donald as old lushes, and his immensely popular poster of a sultry Daisy Duck-like odalesque. But such parodies had been one-shots, with key names or details altered. In their role as media guerrillas, the Air Pirates had forgotten the number-one guerrilla tactic—hit and run. By offering subscriptions to a monthly parody, *Air Pirates Funnies*, they had dug a trench right when they should have been evaporating mysteriously. It was as if David had done battle with Goliath by setting up a roadside slingshot stand. Martyrdom was inevitable.

Today, the former Air Pirates are each pursuing individual careers successfully. Life continues and no one wants to spend a lifetime fighting old battles . . . especially over mice.

(Next month: a special look at Rock and Comics. When our history of underground comix resumes, the following issue, we'll examine the UG "Union," the United Cartoon Workers of America, and lots more!)

New Publications

Fans of Rand Holmes, creator of *Harold Hedd*, the definitive hippie comic-hero, and master of Wood-esque detail and brain-rotting humor, should be pleased to hear that he has not been inactive since departing from the pages of Last Gasp's UGs in the mid seventies. Stampart, a small Vancouver-based publisher, has come out annually with ***Fog City Comics***, a fine anthology comic featuring the latest strips by Holmes, Brent Boates, George Metzger, and other Canadian cartoonists.

The first issue (1977) had funny animals as a theme, and the second (1978) had science-fiction strips. The third (1979), a sixty-four-page block-buster, reprints early work by Boates ("Eco-Hawks") and Metzger (his ground-breaking mid-sixties "Master Tyme and Mobius Tripp"), plus a wonderfully cathartic new strip by Holmes starring himself versus government agents. All issues sport great color covers by Holmes, who continues to maintain his position as one of the top practitioners of mechanical color separation in comics.

Fog City #1 and #2 are $1.25 postpaid, while #3 is $2.25. Adults only. Since Stampart *is* in Canada, checks drawing on American banks are probably a no-no. Try an international money order. Stampart is at PO Box 48385, Bentall Station, Vancouver, Canada V7X 1A2.

I have a tremendous respect for people who set themselves up for big projects and then *make them happen*! Consequently nothing pleases me more than to see Larry Gonick, the Harvard educated cartoonist, enthusiastically continuing his mind-boggling series of comics ***The Cartoon History of the Universe***. Volumes one through three covered the span from the Big Bang up through Egypt and Babylonia. The recently published volume four plows on into the Old Testament era in fine form, and Gonick shows no signs of flagging. Since his wry humor converts distant history into authentic yet entertaining comics, Gonick's books have already been chosen for use in some high schools.

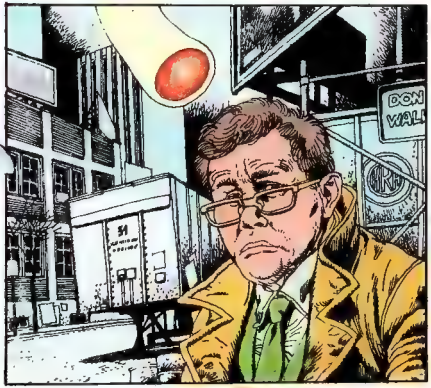
To assist in foisting this series on unsuspecting students (and bookstore browsers) Rip Off Press has collected the first two volumes in a 110-page paperback edition. It can be ordered for $6.95 plus 60¢ postage from Rip Off Press, Box 14158, San Francisco, CA 94114. Volume four, in comic-book form, can be had from the same address for $1.50 postpaid.

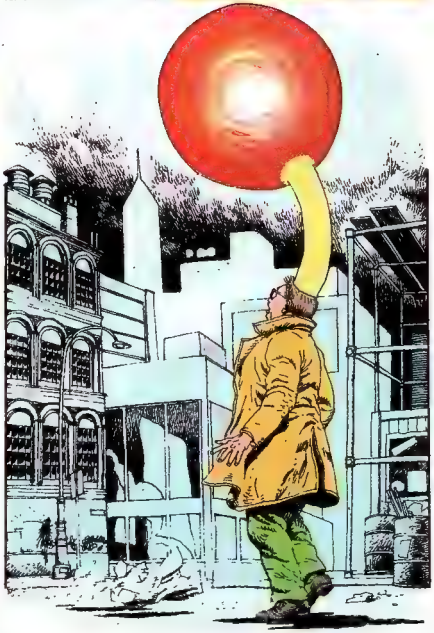
Two other new paperback collections from R.O.P. are also recommended. ***The New Adventures of Jesus*** (The Best of R.O.P., volume three) is a new anthology of Foolbert Sturgeon's classic tales of Jesus taking on modern civilization. Sturgeon's art is somewhat homely, but the humor is unerring. ($6.95 plus 60¢ from R.O.P.)

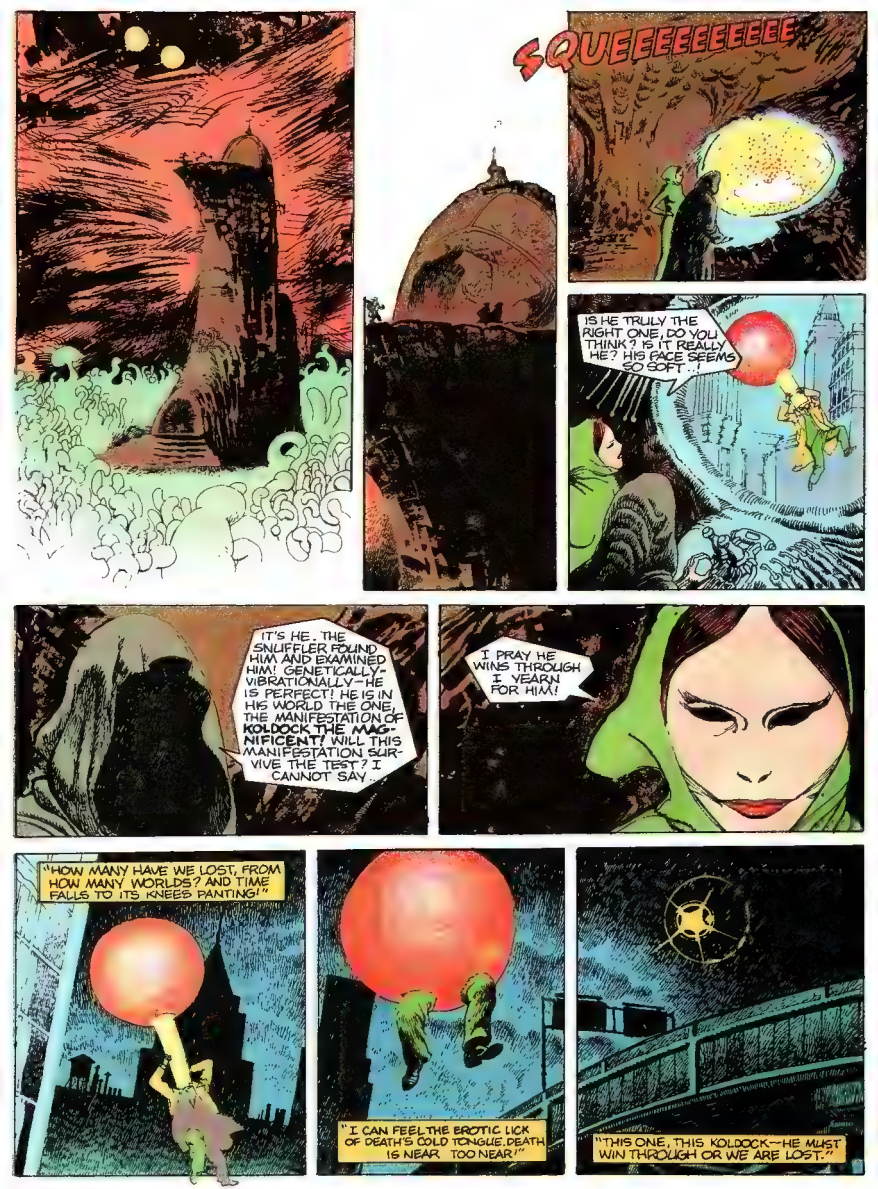
Baron Von Mabel's Backpacking collects Sheridan Anderson's syndicated guide to back-packing into a handsome pocket-sized book. To these (admittedly nonoutdoorsman) eyes, the book appears to offer all the how-to advice imaginable in funny comic-strip format, to boot. A ninety-six-pager, it is $4.95 plus 60¢ from R.O.P.

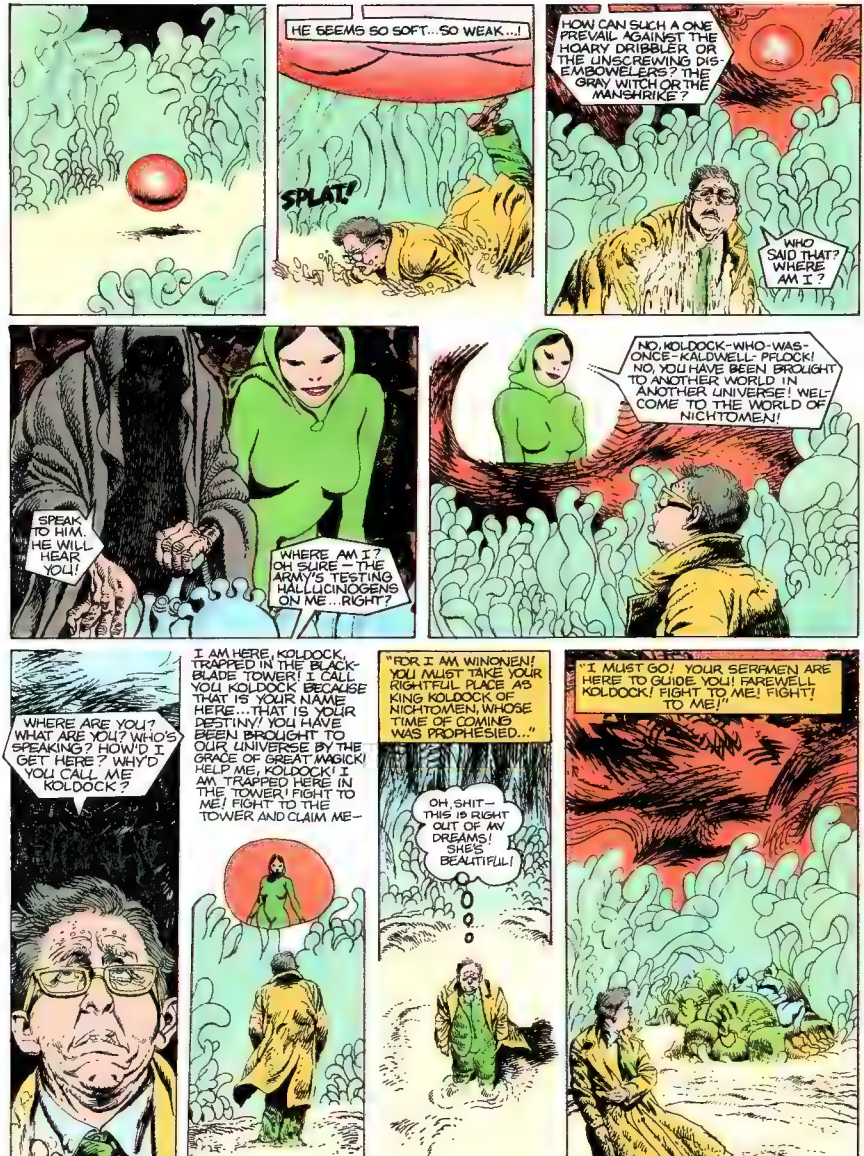
DAMN IT! THEY'RE IGNORING ME BECAUSE I DON'T LOOK LIKE I'D TIP! I WISH I HAD A ROCKWELL GOPB ANTITANK GUN. I'D...
BLAM!
INTO THE BREACH
STORY: JOHN SHIRLEY
ART: LEO DURANONA

KALDWELL PFLOCK IS THE EDITOR OF *INTO THE BREACH!* A MEN'S TRUE ADVENTURE MAGAZINE SUBTITLED THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN ABOUT MEN IN MANLY MALE ACTION! KALDWELL SPENDS MOST OF HIS DAY MAKING UP THE STORIES THAT GO INTO *INTO THE BREACH!* KALDWELL PFLOCK IS A LONELY MAN, DIVORCED AND CHILDLESS AND YEARNING FOR THE MANLY MALE ACTION HE HAS NEVER EXPERIENCED.



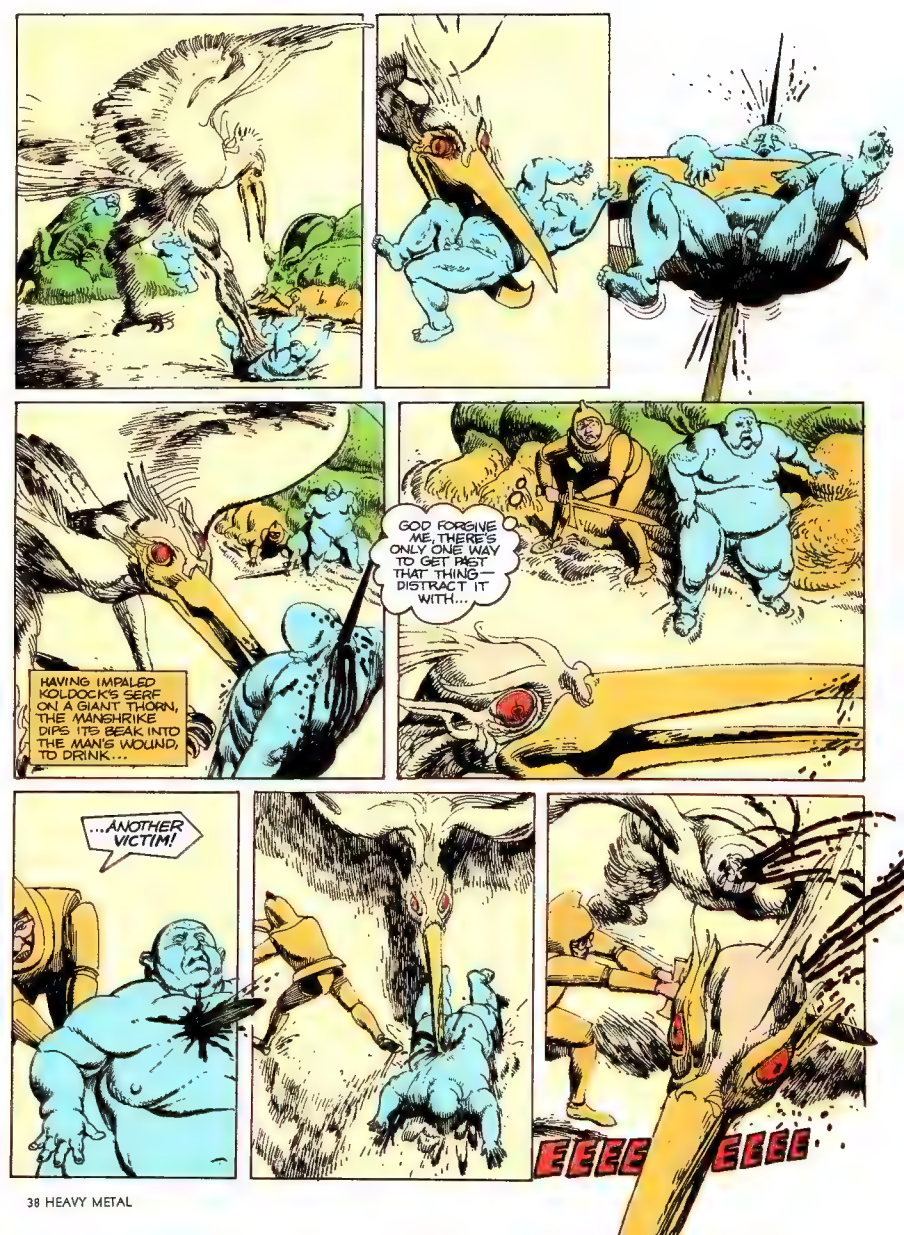



SQUEEEEEEEEEE
IS HE TRULY THE RIGHT ONE, DO YOU THINK? IS IT REALLY HE? HIS FACE SEEMS SO SOFT..
IT'S HE. THE SNUFFLER FOUND HIM AND EXAMINED HIM! GENETICALLY-VIBRATIONALLY—HE IS PERFECT! HE IS IN HIS WORLD THE ONE, THE MANIFESTATION OF KOLDOCK THE MAGNIFICENT! WILL THIS MANIFESTATION SURVIVE THE TEST? I CANNOT SAY..
I PRAY HE WINS THROUGH I YEARN FOR HIM!
"HOW MANY HAVE WE LOST, FROM HOW MANY WORLDS? AND TIME FALLS TO ITS KNEES PANTING!"
"I CAN FEEL THE EROTIC LICK OF DEATH'S COLD TONGUE. DEATH IS NEAR TOO NEAR!"
"THIS ONE, THIS KOLDOCK—HE MUST WIN THROUGH OR WE ARE LOST."


HE SEEMS SO SOFT...SO WEAK...!
SPLAT!
HOW CAN SUCH A ONE PREVAIL AGAINST THE HOARY DRIBBLER OR THE UNSCREWING DISEMBOWELERS? THE GRAY WITCH OR THE MANSHRIKE?
WHO SAID THAT? WHERE AM I?
SPEAK TO HIM. HE WILL HEAR YOU!
WHERE AM I? OH SURE — THE ARMY'S TESTING HALLUCINOGENS ON ME...RIGHT?
NO, KOLDOCK-WHO-WAS-ONCE-KALDWELL-PLOCK! NO, YOU HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TO ANOTHER WORLD IN ANOTHER UNIVERSE! WELCOME TO THE WORLD OF NICHTOMEN!
WHERE ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU? WHO'S SPEAKING? HOW'D I GET HERE? WHY'D YOU CALL ME KOLDOCK?
I AM HERE, KOLDOCK, TRAPPED IN THE BLACK-BLADE TOWER! I CALL YOU KOLDOCK BECAUSE THAT IS YOUR NAME HERE...THAT IS YOUR DESTINY! YOU HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TO OUR UNIVERSE BY THE GRACE OF GREAT MAGICK! HELP ME, KOLDOCK! I AM TRAPPED HERE IN THE TOWER! FIGHT TO ME! FIGHT TO THE TOWER AND CLAIM ME—
"FOR I AM WINONEN! YOU MUST TAKE YOUR RIGHTFUL PLACE AS KING KOLDOCK OF NICHTOMEN, WHOSE TIME OF COMING WAS PROPHESIED..."
OH, SHIT— THIS IS RIGHT OUT OF MY DREAMS! SHE'S BEAUTIFUL!
"I MUST GO! YOUR SERFMEN ARE HERE TO GUIDE YOU! FAREWELL KOLDOCK! FIGHT TO ME! FIGHT! TO ME!!"

BLACKBLADE TOWER!
TO WINONEN!
Leo Duranona '80

WHO HAS DONE THIS THING?
YOUR GREATEST ENEMY, LORD KOLDOCK.
...THE MANSHRIKE!

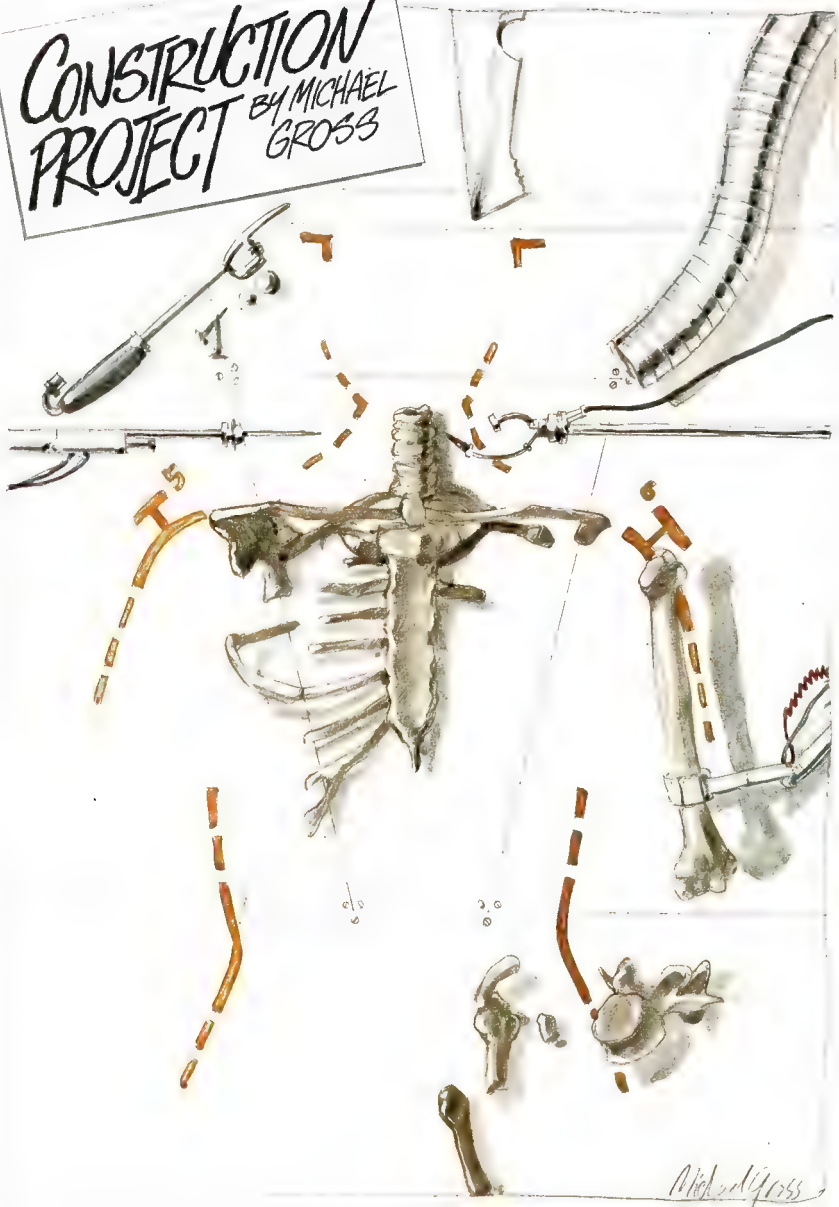

HAVING IMPALED KOLDOCK'S SERF ON A GIANT THORN, THE MANSHRIKE DIPS ITS BEAK INTO THE MAN'S WOUND, TO DRINK...
GOD FORGIVE ME, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET PAST THAT THING— DISTRACT IT WITH...
...ANOTHER VICTIM!
EEEE
EEEE

AT LAST! BLACKBLADE TOWER!
LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THIS WIZARD BEFORE I KILL—
WHA—?
YES, THIS ONE WILL DO NICELY... HE HAS A SURVIVAL QUOTIENT! JUST WHAT I NEED TO GET ME THROUGH THE NEXT MILLENNIA .. ANOTHER THOUSAND YEARS, IF I TREAT THE BODY WELL...

SNAP!
CAN'T MOVE!
READY THE LAB FOR THE BRAIN TRANSPLANT, MY DEAR! BEST I GET MY BRAIN INTO THIS BODY AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE! TIME PRESSES!
WHAT ABOUT HIS BRAIN?
THIS BODY'S BETTER THAN THE LAST THREE! THE BEST IN TWO THOUSAND YEARS...
HIS BRAIN? OH, I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU, OF COURSE.
I ALWAYS DO.!
FIN

CONSTRUCTION PROJECT

BY MICHAEL GROSS



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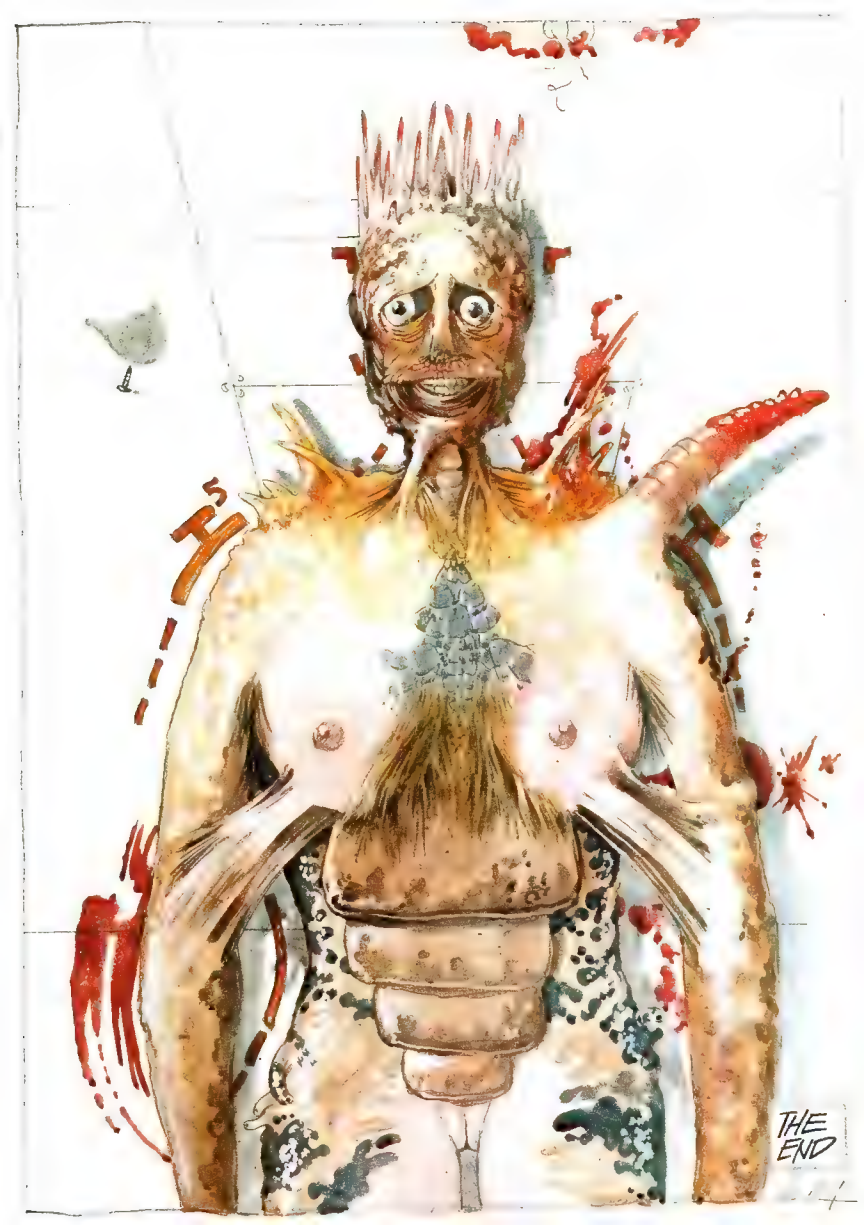
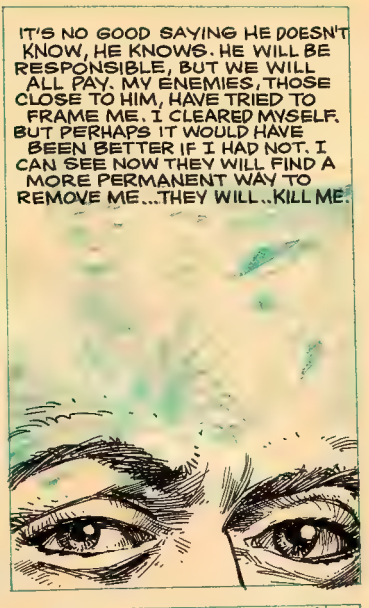
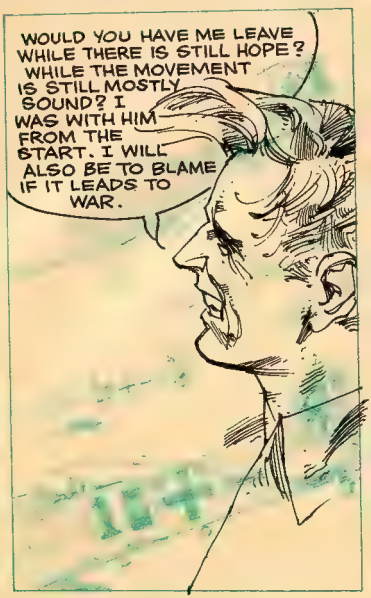

THE END

ZEITGEIST
STORY BY GREG TERPENNING ◦ ART - ERNIE COLÓN
SON, LISTEN TO ME AND NEVER FORGET WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO HEAR...
Zeitgeist
THINGS ARE ALL WRONG, MIXED UP, IN THE MOVEMENT. WE ALL STILL BELIEVE IN THE MOVEMENT - I'M STILL TRYING TO BELIEVE. BUT CRIMINALS ARE WORKING TO PERVERT US. THEY ARE LEADING US INTO A WAR. A WAR WHICH WE CANNOT SURVIVE. AND HE LISTENS, LISTENS TO THEM, THESE DESPICABLE... AND YET, HE LISTENS TO THEM.

WHY DON'T YOU TALK TO HIM ANYMORE? HE USED TO BRING ME THINGS, PLAY IN THE YARD. NOW HE WON'T EVEN STAY TO DINNER.


IT'S NO GOOD SAYING HE DOESN'T KNOW, HE KNOWS. HE WILL BE RESPONSIBLE, BUT WE WILL ALL PAY. MY ENEMIES, THOSE CLOSE TO HIM, HAVE TRIED TO FRAME ME. I CLEARED MYSELF. BUT PERHAPS IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER IF I HAD NOT. I CAN SEE NOW THEY WILL FIND A MORE PERMANENT WAY TO REMOVE ME...THEY WILL..KILL ME.

WHY DON'T WE RUN NOW— OVER THE BORDER WHILE WE STILL CAN—


WOULD YOU HAVE ME LEAVE WHILE THERE IS STILL HOPE? WHILE THE MOVEMENT IS STILL MOSTLY SOUND? I WAS WITH HIM— FROM THE START. I WILL ALSO BE TO BLAME IF IT LEADS TO WAR.

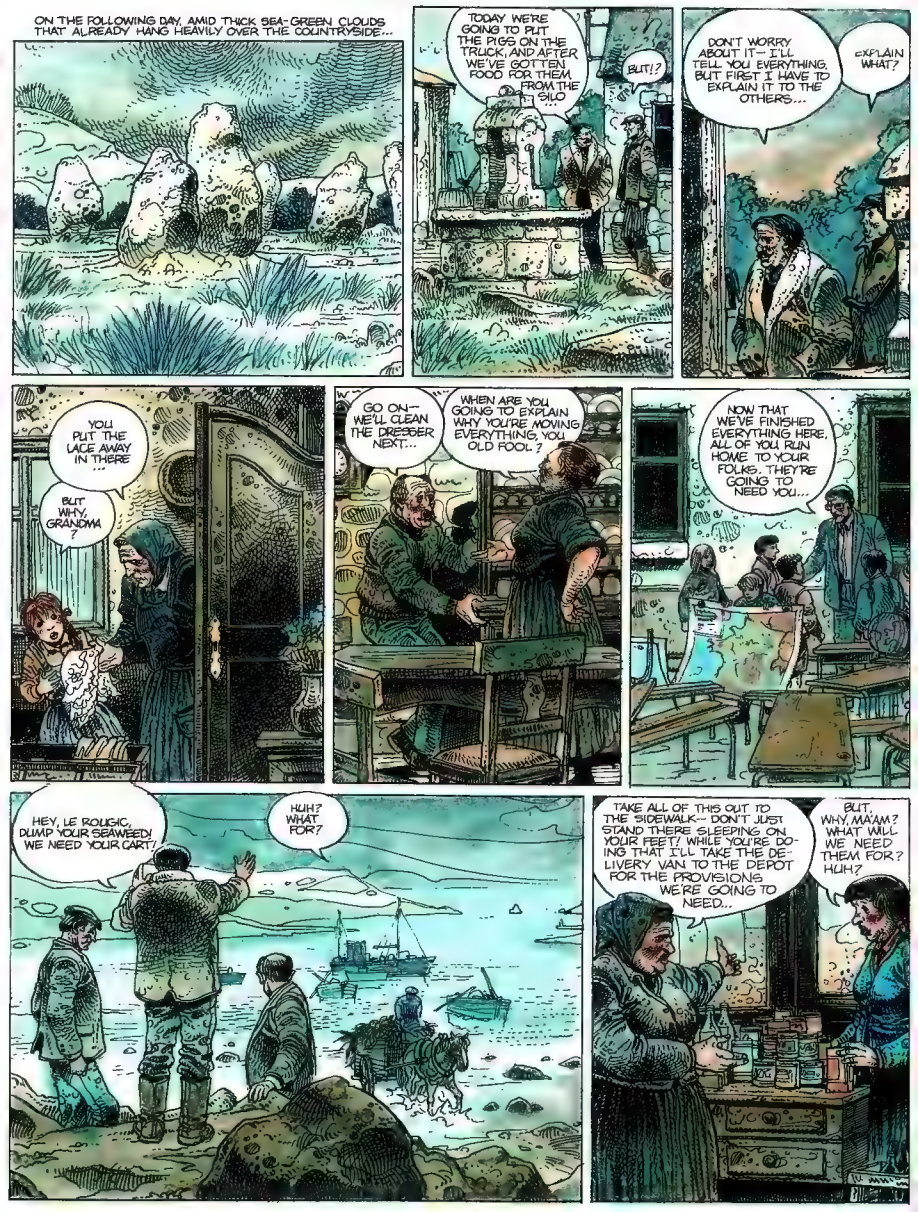
STILL, WE MUST NOT BE CAUGHT UNPREPARED, EH? IT WILL BE LIKE A GAME....
When you get a phone call from me, or another, that mentions the name of this boat, you will stop what you are doing, take my pistol and walk out of the house.
Talk to no one. stop for nothing. catch the train for the border. do not buy a ticket.
Wait in the toilet until you cross the frontier. I will be waiting at the first station after that.

YOU DROPPED YOUR LUNCH.
THAT IS ENOUGH CLOAK AND DAGGER FOR NOW. IT WILL ALL WORK OUT, YOU'LL SEE. IT IS ONLY MY OWN PARANOIA ... LET'S HAVE LUNCH.

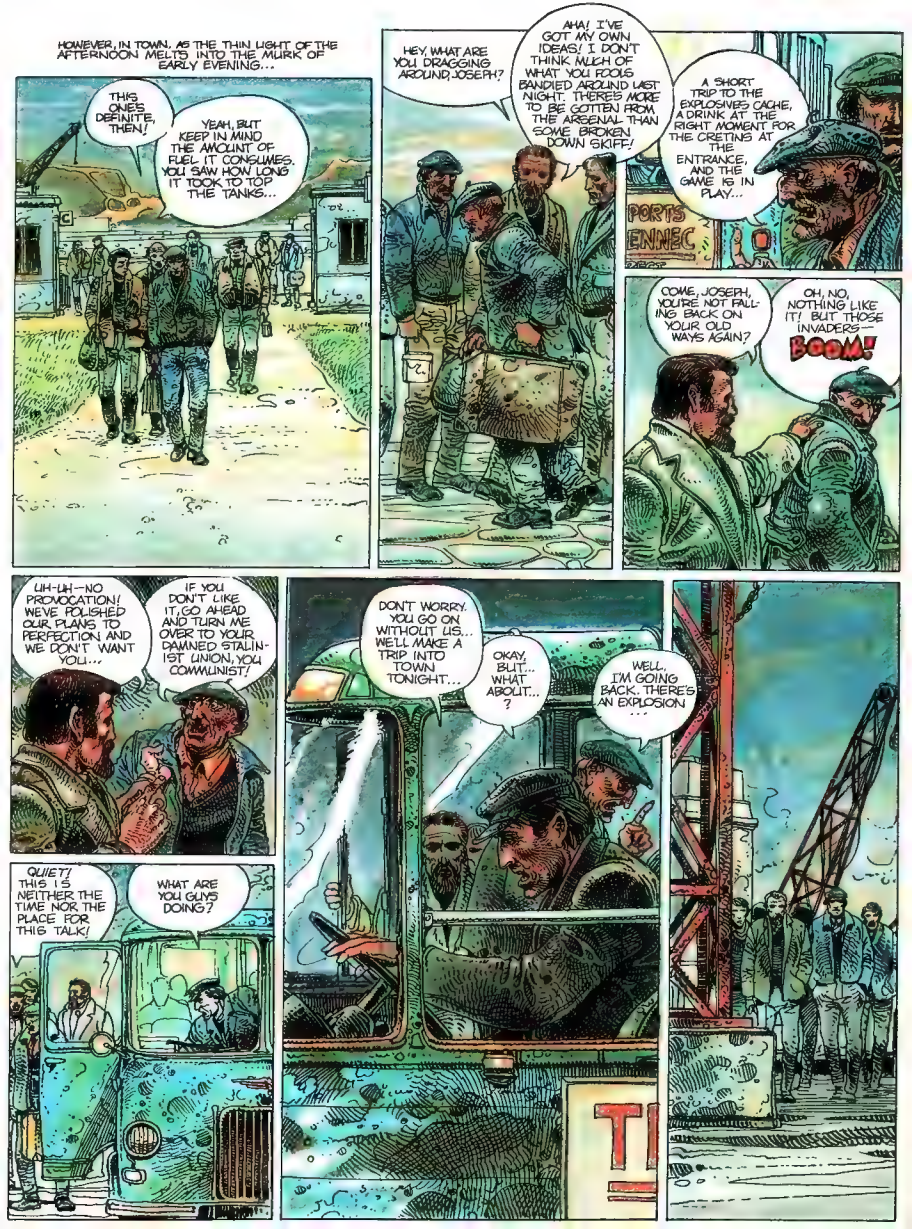
BAR
HERE WE ARE — BACK AGAIN..
IT'S THE PREFECT ON TV.
THE PREFECT.
BOOM!
CLANG
?
WELL, YOU TWO HAVE A FUNNY LOOK...
COME IN, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE. THINGS ARE LOOKING WORSE..
PROGRESS!
PART THREE
BY CHRISTIN AND BILAL

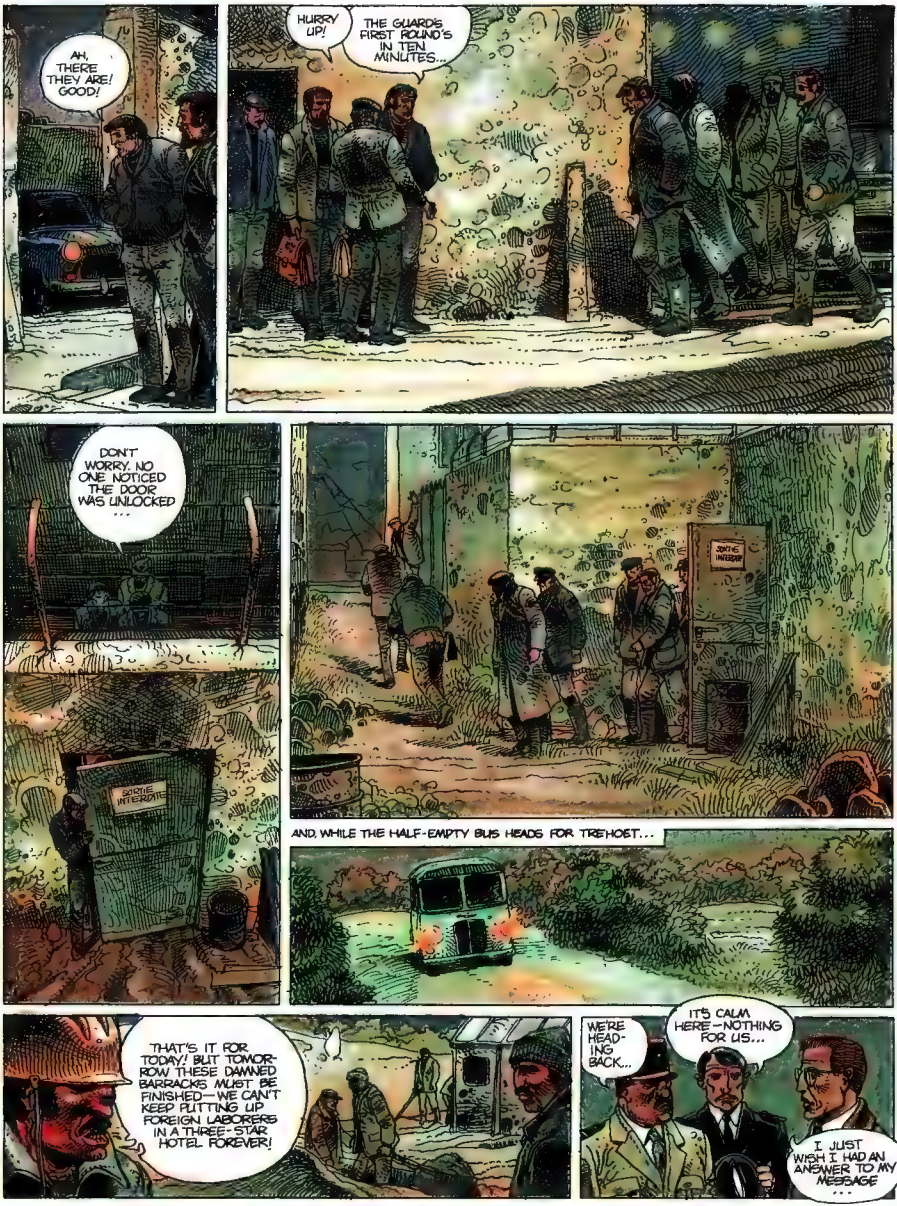
ENOUGH, JOSEPH!
YEAH, CALM DOWN! THAT'S US THEY ARE TALKING ABOUT THIS TIME...
UNACCEPTABLE INCIDENTS HAVE TAKEN PLACE IN TREHOET. EVERY DECISION WAS MADE LEGALLY AND PROPERLY ...
...AND UNLESS SUCH INCIDENTS ARE CURBED A MAJOR SET-BACK IN THE REGION'S DEVELOPMENT WILL OCCUR...
...WE ARE FORTUNATE IN THAT THESE HAVEN'T AS YET BEEN SERIOUS INCIDENTS, AND, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE MINOR WOUNDING OF SEVERAL FOREIGN WORKERS, THERE HAS BEEN NO REAL HARM DONE, BUT I MUST WARN THE AGITATORS RESPONSIBLE NOT TO REPEAT THEIR CRIMES. A CRS COMPANY WILL BE STATIONED IN THE REGION OF TROMILIAU, AND...
SPORTS
YEAH, THE USUAL ROUTINE...
WE'RE STILL GOING TO BE HAD, AREN'T WE ?

ANYWAY, GRS OR NOT, I SAY
WE KNOW, JOSEPH, WE KNOW
WELL, I'M NOT SO SURE THAT WE'RE GOING TO BE HAD
WE SAW THINGS UP THERE... SOME ...UHH... SOME FUNNY THINGS
TELL US ABOUT IT.
WELL, UM... YOU MAY HAVE TROUBLE BELIEVING IT
I'D BE SURPRISED...
WE'RE WELL AWARE THAT THE CHURCH DOESN'T BELIEVE MUCH NOWADAYS.
MMM.. FOR ONCE IT COULD BE SHE'S WRONG
BECAUSE I TOO SAW WHAT SHE SAW, AND I HAVE TO BELIEVE IT AND IT GAVE ME AN IDEA
AN IDEA, HUH?
HMMM... IDEAS DON'T POP UP AROUND HERE EVERY DAY, MY BOY...
OKAY! THIS IDEA HAS... UMM... ITS RISKS...
WE'RE LISTENING...
AU PETIT
RISKS!? ALL RIGHT THEN - WAITER, ANOTHER PINT!
AND SOME ADVENTURE, TOO...
AH-HA! BOOM!
ADVENTURE? WELL, MAYBE JOSEPH IS RIGHT THIS TIME! WAITER - A ROUND!
ADVENTURE - THAT'S FOR ME. TO ROT HERE DOING NOTHING MAKES NO SENSE...
ALL RIGHT. TOMORROW THEN...


ON THE FOLLOWING DAY, AMID THICK SEA-GREEN CLOUDS THAT ALREADY HANG HEAVILY OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE...
TODAY WE'RE GOING TO PUT THE PIGS ON THE TRUCK, AND AFTER WE'VE GOTTEN FOOD FOR THEM FROM THE SILO
BUT!?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT— I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING, BUT FIRST I HAVE TO EXPLAIN IT TO THE OTHERS...
EXPLAIN WHAT?
YOU PUT THE LACE AWAY IN THERE ...
BUT WHY, GRANDMA ?
GO ON— WE'LL CLEAN THE DRESSER NEXT...
WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO EXPLAIN WHY YOU'RE MOVING EVERYTHING, YOU OLD FOOL ?
NOW THAT WE'VE FINISHED EVERYTHING HERE, ALL OF YOU RUN HOME TO YOUR FOLKS. THEY'RE GOING TO NEED YOU...
HEY, LE ROUGIC, DUMP YOUR SEAWEED! WE NEED YOUR CART!
HUH? WHAT FOR?
TAKE ALL OF THIS OUT TO THE SIDEWALK-- DON'T JUST STAND THERE SLEEPING ON YOUR FEET! WHILE YOU'RE DOING THAT I'LL TAKE THE DELIVERY VAN TO THE DEPOT FOR THE PROVISIONS WE'RE GOING TO NEED...
BUT, WHY, MA'AM? WHAT WILL WE NEED THEM FOR? HUH?

HERE, TAKE THIS.
I'VE GOT IT. BUT WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW, FATHER? WE DON'T SAY MASS IN LATIN ANY MORE — YOU'RE NOT GOING TO PUT PLASTIC ON THE WALLS, ARE YOU?
LOOK— LASTAPIC'S YACHT IS STILL OUT THERE...
YEAH, BUT IF HE'S WAITING FOR THE FOG TO LIFT, HE'LL WAIT A LONG TIME ...
EH, LITTLE ONE — TAKE GOOD CARE OF THE LOBSTERS ...
NO MORE TIME FOR TALKING... WE'VE GOT A TIGHT SCHEDULE AHEAD OF US.
DON'T WORRY -ONCE IN THE CAR IT'LL PICK UP...
SOME CRUISE! BUT ONE I'LL REMEMBER, MY DEAR.
THE FOG'S SO SINISTER... LET'S GO BACK TO THE BAR...
I HAD A RADIO MESSAGE SENT TO LASTAPIC TO EXPLAIN THE SITUATION TO HIM. I'M STILL WAITING FOR HIS ANSWER.
AND THE CHATEAU?
WE'LL LEAVE IT ALONE FOR NOW. IT'S BETTER TO PROCEED CAUTIOUSLY ...
HOW'S THE RADAR?
STILL ON THE BLINK, BUT WE RECEIVED A RADIO MESSAGE FROM PARIS... HERE YOU ARE...
YOU'RE THE ENGINEER - WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
FOR NOW WE'LL CONTINUE THE CLEARING ...


HOWEVER, IN TOWN, AS THE THIN LIGHT OF THE AFTERNOON MELTS INTO THE MURK OF EARLY EVENING...
THIS ONE'S DEFINITE, THEN!
YEAH, BUT KEEP IN MIND THE AMOUNT OF FUEL IT CONSUMES. YOU SAW HOW LONG IT TOOK TO TOP THE TANKS...
HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DRAGGING AROUND, JOSEPH?
AHA! I'VE GOT MY OWN IDEAS! I DON'T THINK MUCH OF WHAT YOU FOOLS BANDIED AROUND LAST NIGHT. THERE'S MORE TO BE GOTTEN FROM THE ARSENAL THAN SOME BROKEN DOWN SKIFF!
A SHORT TRIP TO THE EXPLOSIVES CACHE, A DRINK AT THE RIGHT MOMENT FOR THE CRETINS AT THE ENTRANCE, AND THE GAME IS IN PLAY...
COME, JOSEPH, YOU'RE NOT FALLING BACK ON YOUR OLD WAYS AGAIN?
OH, NO, NOTHING LIKE IT! BUT THOSE INVADERS— BOOM!
UH-UH—NO PROVOCATION! WE'VE POLISHED OUR PLANS TO PERFECTION, AND WE DON'T WANT YOU...
IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, GO AHEAD AND TURN ME OVER TO YOUR DAMNED STALINIST UNION, YOU COMMUNIST!
DON'T WORRY. YOU GO ON WITHOUT US... WE'LL MAKE A TRIP INTO TOWN TONIGHT...
OKAY, BUT... WHAT ABOUT...?
WELL, I'M GOING BACK. THERE'S AN EXPLOSION...
QUIET! THIS IS NEITHER THE TIME NOR THE PLACE FOR THIS TALK!
WHAT ARE YOU GUYS DOING?


AH, THERE THEY ARE! GOOD!
HURRY UP!
THE GUARDS FIRST ROUND'S IN TEN MINUTES...
DON'T WORRY. NO ONE NOTICED THE DOOR WAS UNLOCKED ...
SPRENG-INTERDIT
AND WHILE THE HALF-EMPTY BUS HEADS FOR TREHOET...
THAT'S IT FOR TODAY! BUT TOMORROW THESE DAMNED BARRACKS MUST BE FINISHED—WE CAN'T KEEP PUTTING UP FOREIGN LABORERS IN A THREE-STAR HOTEL FOREVER!
WE'RE HEADING BACK...
IT'S CALM HERE—NOTHING FOR US...
I JUST WISH I HAD AN ANSWER TO MY MESSAGE ...

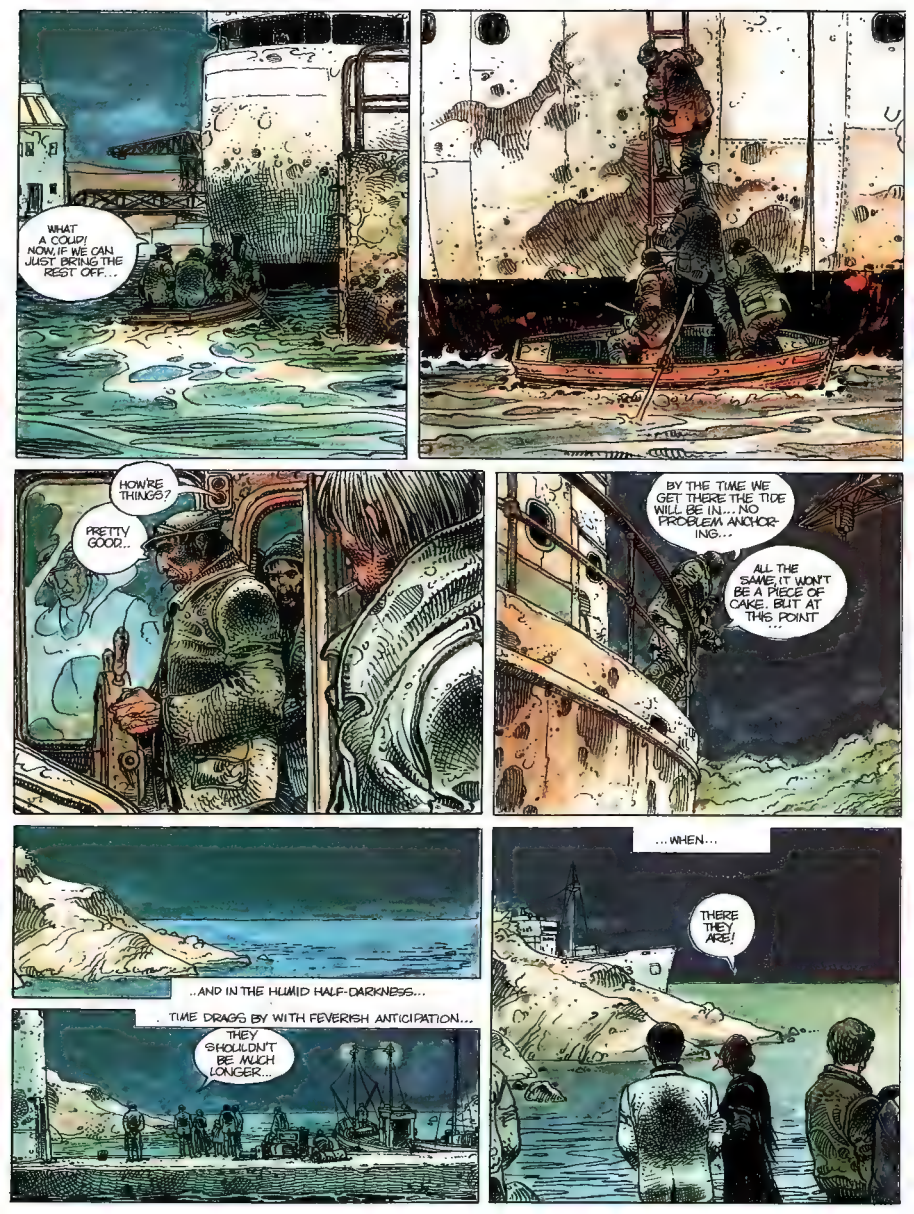
FRIENDS, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO INTERRUPT OUR LITTLE CRUISE, I'M AFRAID. I SUGGEST THAT WE ANCHOR AT TREHOET TOMORROW— BUT WE'LL HAVE ONE LAST LITTLE PARTY TONIGHT
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
...WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO A MASKED BALL, HMMM?
AHH, NOTHING SERIOUS. WE'VE HAD A SMALL INCIDENT AT THE BUILDING SITE. I'VE NOTIFIED THE CHIEF ENGINEER, AND CARS WILL COME FOR US AT DAWN. WE HAVE TO STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT WITH THESE PEASANTS— IT'S TIME THEY UNDERSTOOD WHO THEY'RE DEALING WITH!
WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S START LOADING!
WE WON'T BE LOADING TONIGHT! YOU CAN GO HOME!
CONSERVERIES MANECH
HUH? BUT WHAT'LL I TELL THEM AT THE CANNERY?
JUST TELL THEM THAT WE'RE LAYING IN PROVISIONS!
AND ALL THIS STUFF— WHAT'S GOING ON?
GO ON WITH YOU. IT'S ENOUGH FOR US IN TREHOET TO KNOW!
CONSERVERIE MANECH
SURE, OKAY— BUT YOU CAN EXPECT TO HEAR ABOUT IT TOMORROW!
COULD BE WE WON'T ...

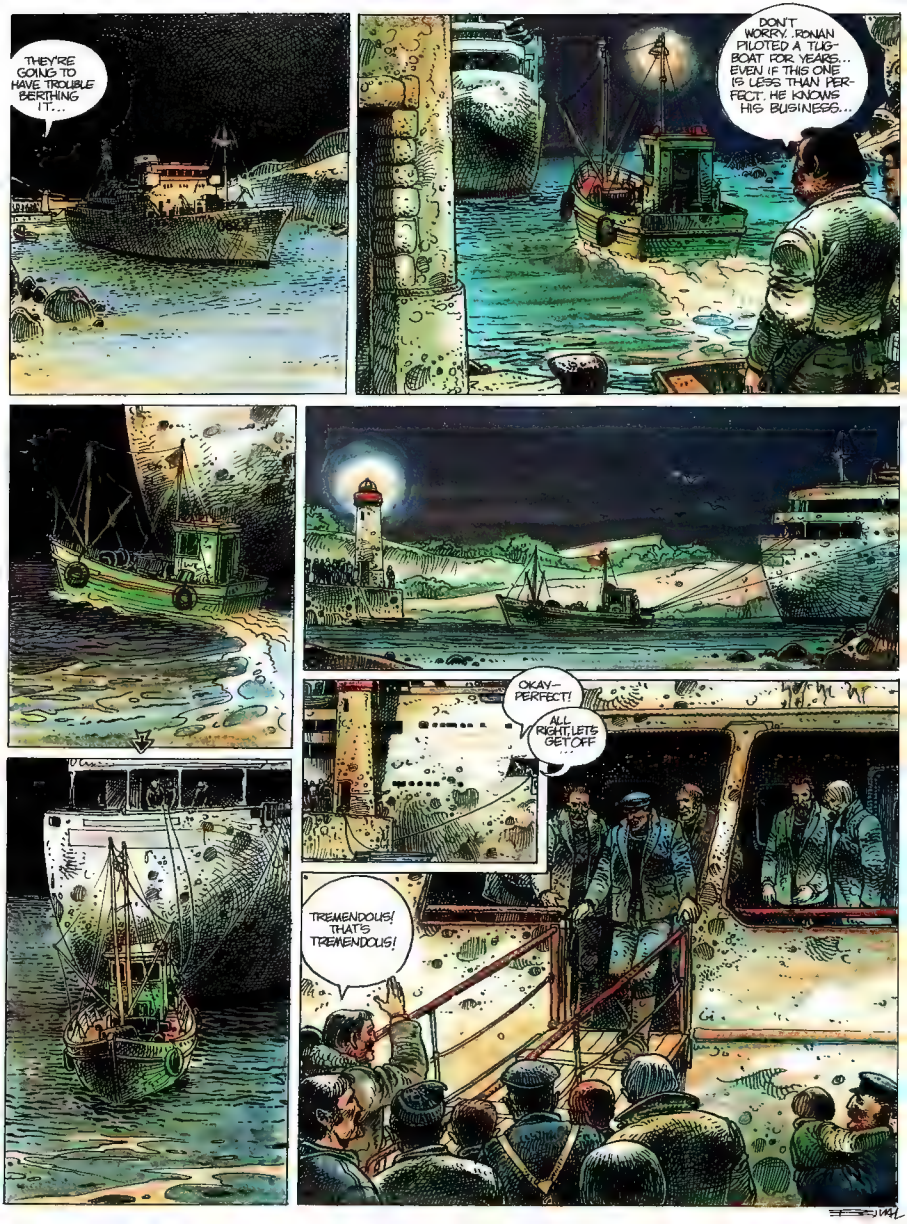
OKAY, THAT'S FINE... I NEVER LIKE THROWING AWAY MY CAULIFLOWER ON THE ROAD, ANYWAY...
MMMM... ALL OF THIS IS VERY GOOD, BUT I HAVE TROUBLE DEALING WITH THE FEST— THAT HERMIT UP THERE...
YOU MUSN'T CONCERN YOURSELF... I WAS UP THERE TO TALK WITH HIM THIS AFTERNOON— IT WAS DIFFICULT AVOIDING ALL THE FLUNKIES WHO WERE PUTTING UP THEIR GUARD ON THE PLACE, BUT THEY DON'T KNOW THE COUNTRYSIDE...
AND HE PROMISED YOU A MIRACLE, DID HE? WELL, YOU KNOW I FIND MIRACLES A BIT OLD-FASHIONED.
YEAH, IT'S LIKE MY ARTICHOKES... BUT THIS TIME AT LEAST THEY'LL SERVE A GOOD PURPOSE...
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT A MIRACLE. BUT HE UNDERSTANDS WHAT WE WANT AND HE'S WITH US...
HEY, HERE'S THE BUS...
AND JOSEPH, LOOKING LIKE A SPY. WHERE'S HE SNEAKING OFF TO LIKE THAT?
AND WITHOUT STOPPING FOR HIS USUAL DRINK— STRANGE...
GOOD, BUT THERE'S MORE— WE STILL HAVE TO FINISH STOCKING THE FUEL.
YEAH, IT'S DARK NOW, AND THEY MUST BE MOVING AT THE ARSENAL...

AND IN FACT, AT THE HEART OF THE FOGGY DARKNESS IN THE ARSENAL....
THIS IS IT!
POSTE C
KING
ERVÉ
WHOA!!
DON'T TOUCH A THING!
BUT?!
NOW WE WON'T BE DIS-TURBED..
OKAY, NOW— JUST AS PLANNED.. NO MISTAKES!
SURE, BUT EVEN WITH A MODERN SHIP WE'RE UNDERMANNED ...
DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU CAN CARRY THIS OFF, COUGOULIC ?
WELL, I WAS NEVER A CAPTAIN, BUT LISTEN— FIFTEEN YEARS IN THE MERCHANT MARINE ISN'T SOMETHING YOU FORGET ...

HEY, WE'VE GOT TO DO THIS CORRECTLY, YOU KNOW!!
OKAY— USE A LITRE OF RED WINE FOR THE BAPTISM, BUT BE QUICK!
EVERY-THINGS OKAY HERE!
GO AHEAD— WE'RE COMING UP!
HOW ARE THINGS BELOW?
FINE WE'VE GOT IT FIGURED OUT...
YEAH...
OKAY, MEN, LET'S GO. OPEN THE GATES —IT'S TIME TO TAKE HER OUT...

MESSAGE RECEIVED... HERE WE GO!
PERFECT! YOU CAN START US MOVING, COUGOULIC!
OKAY! BUT DON'T FORGET TO PICK EVERYONE UP!
PFUIE... I'VE GOT THE DIRTY WORK TO DO, BUT ONE THING'S FOR SURE —THESE WON'T BE SOUNDING THE ALERT!
NOW WE'LL BE OFF!
MMMMM..
LOOK ALIVE!


WHAT A COUP! NOW, IF WE CAN JUST BRING THE REST OFF...
HOW'RE THINGS?
PRETTY GOOD...
BY THE TIME WE GET THERE THE TIDE WILL BE IN... NO PROBLEM ANCHORING...
ALL THE SAME, IT WON'T BE A PIECE OF CAKE. BUT AT THIS POINT...
..AND IN THE HUMID HALF-DARKNESS...
. TIME DRAGS BY WITH FEVERISH ANTICIPATION...
THEY SHOULDN'T BE MUCH LONGER...
...WHEN...
THERE THEY ARE!


THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE TROUBLE BERTHING IT...
DON'T WORRY. RONAN PILOTED A TUG-BOAT FOR YEARS... EVEN IF THIS ONE IS LESS THAN PERFECT, HE KNOWS HIS BUSINESS...
OKAY— PERFECT!
ALL RIGHT, LETS GET OFF
TREMENDOUS! THAT'S TREMENDOUS!

AND THE OLD MAN?
I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT HE HAS IN MIND, BUT HE KNOWS AND—
GOOD GOD, GOOD GOD, GOOD ...
UHH, FATHER, IS THIS REALLY THE TIME TO SWEAR LIKE AN INFIDEL?
GRANNY GRANNY! LOOK— OH, LOOK!
BUT?! IT'S GRANDFATHER!!
WELL, YES, HERE I AM ... AND HOW HAVE YOU BEEN SINCE I LEFT?
WELL, MARIE, YOU DIDN'T STAY A WIDOW VERY LONG AFTER MY ACCIDENT AT WORK ... IS HE MY REPLACEMENT?
WELL, UHHH...
HEY—IT'S JULES!!
SO, DO YOU STILL TIPPLE AS MUCH SINCE YOU MADE THE BIG JUMP?
UH, IT'S NOT WHAT ONE EXPECTS, ON THE OTHER SIDE... BUT SINCE I HAVE ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY...
HEY, I'M NOT BITTER, YOU KNOW, ONE CHANGES, AFTERWARDS.

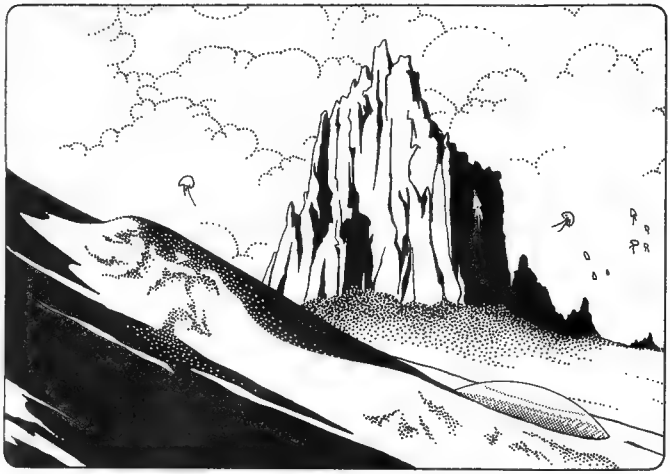
WHAT A GATHERING!! HUNDREDS OF GENERATIONS REUNITED HERE...!
LOOK- THOSE MAY BE THE MEN OF NOMENCI...
...AND THEY'RE CELTS, WHO CAME HERE MANY CENTURIES ABO...
...AND THOSE ARE GAULS WHO NAMED THIS COUNTRY ARMOR...
AND BEFORE THEM, THERE WERE THESE MEN FROM THE FIRST AGES...

...AND BEFORE THAT, WE REALLY DON'T KNOW WHO, BUT—!?!
THOSE ARE OUR ANCESTORS?!! WELL, BETTER NOT LAUGH AT THEM.!
HUMPH! WE'RE NOT ALL BEAUTIES TO BE SURE, BUT STILL-?!
SAVIOR!
INDEED. THIS REVIVES MY FAITH AGAIN...
THE OLD MAN IS HERE. THESE ARE THE LAST...
WE MUST LOAD NOW— ONCE THE TIDE STARTS GOING OUT...
YOU'RE RIGHT
LET'S GO COMRADES!!!

TO BE CONCLUDED IN NOVEMBER

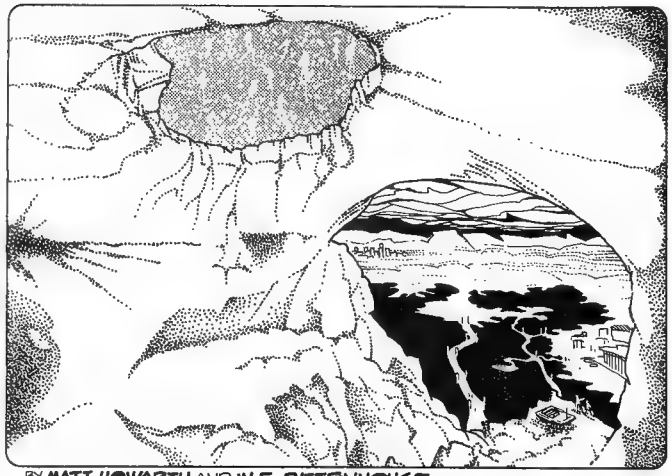
Changes

Matt Howarth

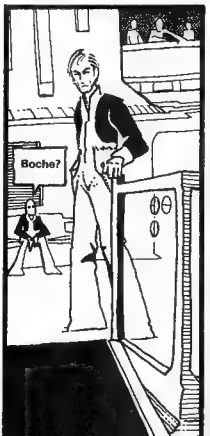


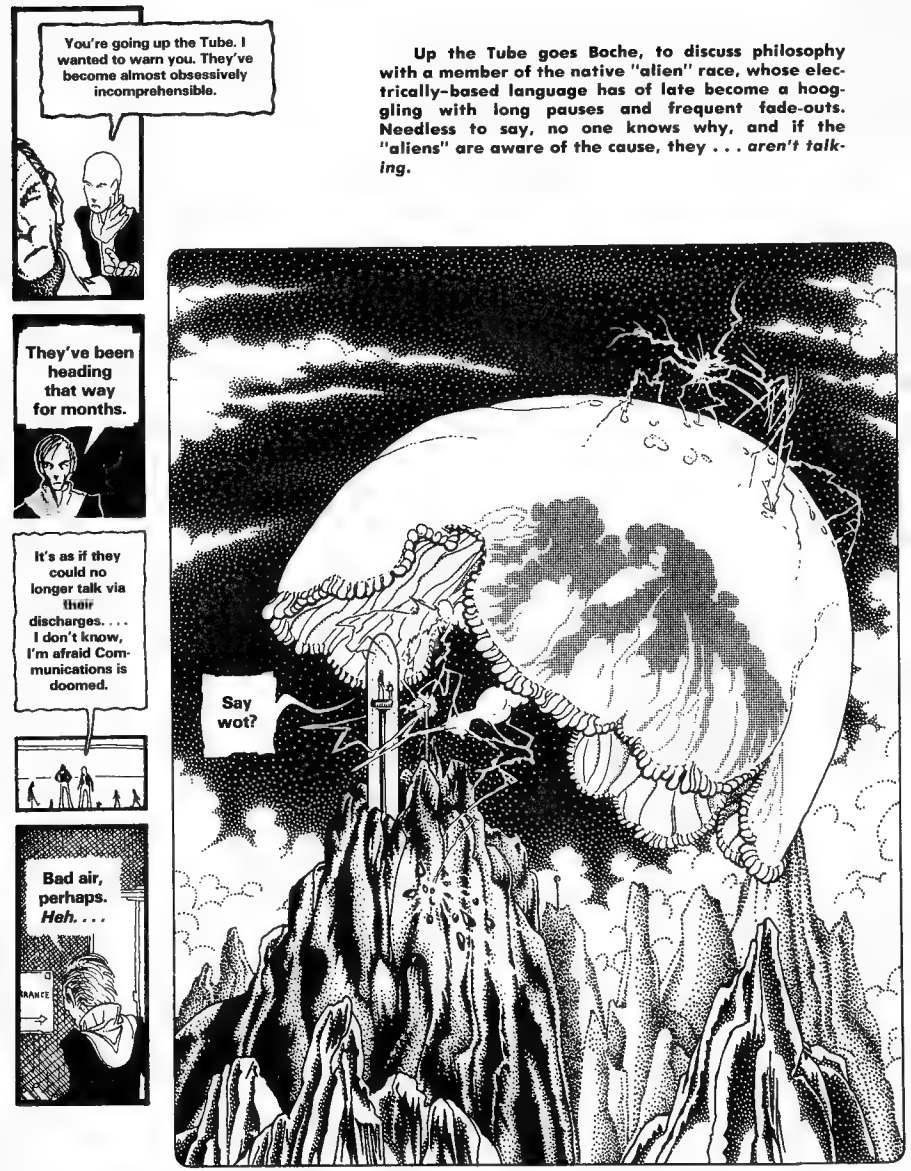
If you examine the lesser Magellanic Clouds, you will find a wealth of crash-landed humans who've been so impetuous as to attempt to survive where they're not welcome. Some such marooned groups have even festered into slobbering societies.

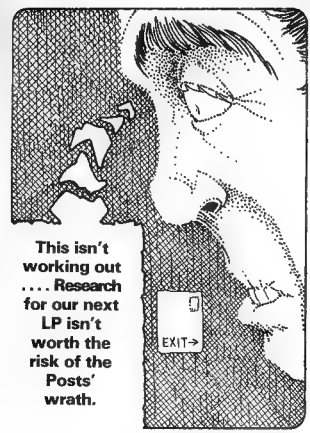
Freedkin **is a semigas giant, possessing a small, relatively catacombed land mass, an uncentered island within the thick gas envelopes. The humans live in the caves.**



BY MATT HOWARTH AND W.E. RITTENHOUSE

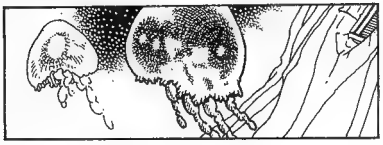



You're going up the Tube. I wanted to warn you. They've become almost obsessively incomprehensible.
Up the Tube goes Boche, to discuss philosophy with a member of the native "alien" race, whose electrically-based language has of late become a hoggling with long pauses and frequent fade-outs. Needless to say, no one knows why, and if the "aliens" are aware of the cause, they . . . *aren't talking.*
They've been heading that way for months.
It's as if they could no longer talk via their discharges. . . . I don't know, I'm afraid Communications is doomed.
Say wot?
Bad air, perhaps. *Heh. . . .*



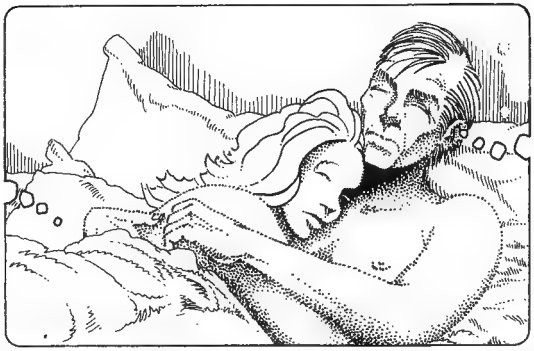
Caroline has waited all night and most of the next day, which is altogether too long, really. Boche is very obviously not coming back. She is stranded.

Caroline's fear of being stranded (unable, herself, to shift realities) has become a cold hard resentment of her fate. It's a possibility she has lived with ever since Ed cloned the many Carolines and later distributed them among various levels. She has never had to deal with being left behind before, however. The moment is far more than the worry pictured it.

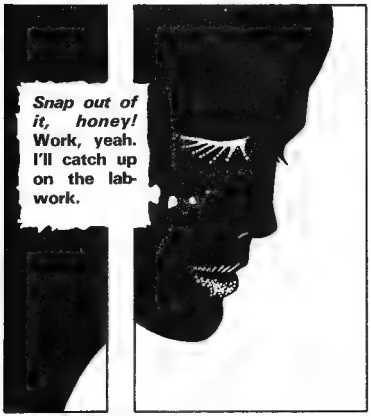


He's run off, I know it. I should've expected it, especially from *him*. First his interest in these ridiculous aliens and their decay of sentience. Then it was that bitch— and I'm not being catty, I don't give a damn about him emotionally. Our affair was just a matter of warm night stands. But he had *no bleeding reason to leave me!*

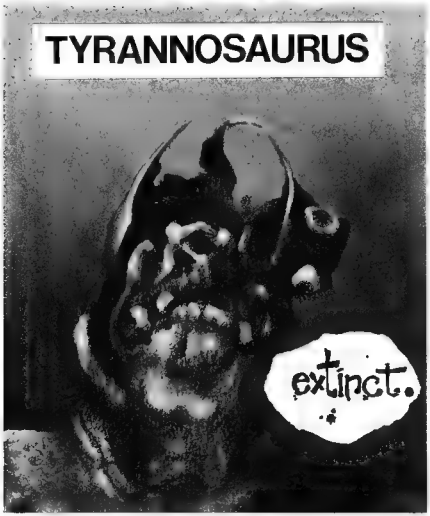
I'm lying here, thinking about why I'm lying here thinking, while he's thinking about something jellyfishlike or "her," which is pretty low class, if you ask me. . . .

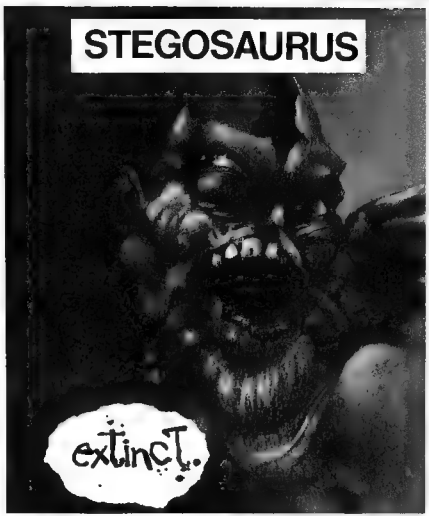


Why am I involved in all this? The Post brothers used to be my *friends*, what twisted inevitabilities have whetted their tastes for my blood instead of my drugs? Why was I such a fool as to think that *bitch* loved me?



It's our crashed ship. Or rather what's left of the reactor core elements and the phospher/sodium hydroxide fuel. They've been leaching the conductors out of the electrolyte solution we laughingly refer to as "our" atmosphere. It amazes me no one has noticed this earlier.
I think this would be of interest to the Comm Dept, if it still existed.
Boche, you little manic. You should've procrastinated another few days. You'd have your album concept . . . and I wouldn't be lost in the proverbial shuffle.
It's been disbanded, did you hear?
NEXT: Frequency One makes its move_





SF by Steve Brown

continued from page 6

some with learning. I have always filled the emptiness with drugs."

These are the opening lines of Bruce Sterling's first novel, *Involution Ocean*, an underappreciated little book about a whaling expedition on an ocean of dust. The sardonic humor in those lines pervades every page of his flamboyant new novel *The Artificial Kid*.

The Artificial Kid begins in a deliciously decadent society. The planet Reverie has been colonized for eight hundred years. The past four hundred have metamorphosed the society into an anarchic collection of aesthetes and poseurs. The book is crowded with a varied and colorful cast that directly recalls the bored denizens of Michael Moorcock's *Dancers at the End of Time* series.

Reverie is ruled by small gangs of merciless thugs (the Perfect Stranglers, the Cognitive Dissonants, et al.) who film their atrocities for the broadcast amusement of the Lumpen. Each gang is led by an elite gladiator known as a Combat Artist. The premier Combat Artist on Reverie is the Artificial Kid.

The Kid is a thirty-year-old personality inhabiting a three-hundred-and-fifty-year-old body whose owner opted for brain death. He keeps the body in a constant state of enforced prepubescence with hormone inhibitors—image is everything on Reverie. For the most part, the Kid's life-style consists of picking fights with other Combat Artists, recording the activity with the handful of small floating cameras that are always hovering about him (he is proud of his skill at camera programming), and broadcasting the results—giving him the fame of a rock star.

The first half of the book is an exploration of Reverie society. We encounter such worthies as Jack Spinney and his pet Mantis (two feet long, it sits on Jack's shoulder leashed with a chain); the Clone Brothers: Money Manies, the Kid's wealthy patron and an effete dandy who could have merged unnoticed into the court of the Sun King; Million Masks; and several characters either long dead or wholly imaginary who exert a powerful influence over the narrative, such as the despicable Crestillomeem, Rominauld Tanglin (the previous inhabitant of the Kid's body), and "They": ". . . degenerate survivors of the Elder Culture, gray skinned and rubber-boned, with brittle hollow skulls lined inside with coarse black fiber."

The Artificial Kid wanders through his culture, secure in his physical invincibility and happily stoned on "smuff" (not to mention a pharmacopoeia of other mind-restructuring substances). The story is intensely visual (it would make one hell of a *Heavy Metal* serial) and never loses just the right touch of satirical sarcasm. For instance, this description of the Kid preparing for his appearance at a planetary celebration. This year it is a "harlequinade," which the Kid finds mundane and boring:

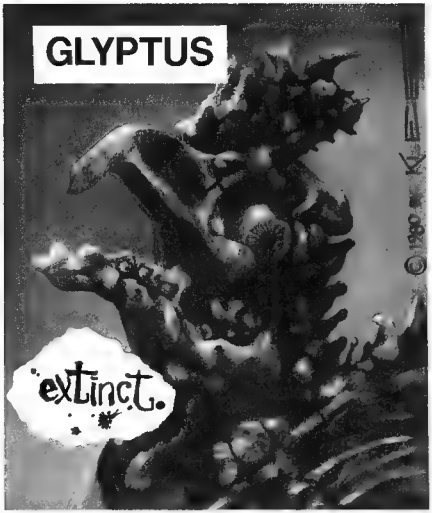
> Then there was the pressing matter of my palanquin. There was nothing wrong with the palanquin itself; Quade and I could easily unfold it, reassemble it, and redecorate it. The problem was choosing which six of my twelve clients would have the honor of bearing me about. The honored six would swagger intolerably, while the snubbed six would sulk. I had to arrange for everyone's rendezvous, and then go through the grapevine to establish a suitable location for my palanquin during the hologram display. I couldn't have cared less about the display, but socially speaking it was crucial that my palanquin be prominently placed.
>
> I hated harlequinades.

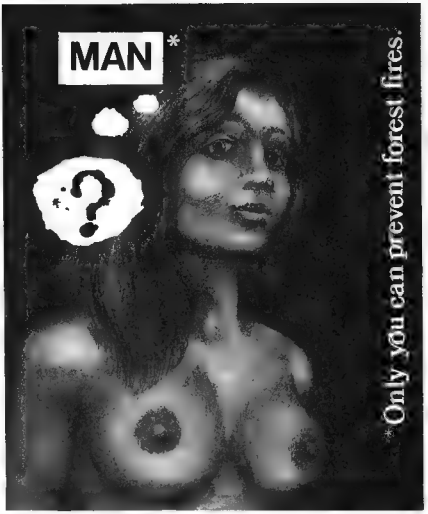
When the exigencies of the rapidly moving plot leave the Kid and two others shipwrecked far from the cultural core of Reverie, the book shifts into a different, though complementary, story. The two others are Saint Anne Twiceborn, a genuine canonized saint in the Catholic tradition, with all of the implied compassion and puritanism (she's also pretty much a pain in the butt); and Moses Moses, the eight-hundred-year-old Founding Father of Reverie (the most recent half of his life has been spent in cryogenic slumber—thus he is a mythical being to the denizens of Reverie).

Thus threesome spends about twenty pages floating in the ocean and waiting for death. They while away the hours by telling each other their life stories. This contrivance allows the author the time to devote to fleshing out their characters into very real, though eccentric, personalities. Then they are rescued by a massive coincidence: a gigantic "flying island" surfaces under them and bears them off into the stratosphere. This coincidence is compounded by the presence on the island of Professor Crossbow. He is a neuter (human) scientist with gills who happened to have been the Kid's mentor-tutor-father figure while the Kid was "growing up," and whom the Kid hasn't seen in eight years. The professor also happens to have a small, fully equipped laboratory inside one of the island's gasbags. This double coincidence is the novel's major flaw, but in the face of the rest of the book, it is easy to overlook and simply accept.

The appearance of the flying island marks the beginning of the true thrust of Sterling's narrative. The island is a strange form of plant life composed of hundreds of huge hydrogen gasbags supporting a payload of seventeen thousand tons of sea-bottom muck. As the flying islands float over land and gradually dry out, they are attacked by suicidal phoenix birds, whose eggs can hatch only in the incinerated bodies of their parents. Thus the island explodes, dumping the muck, returning to the land that which

BY MARKUS KLEE





had been stolen by the sea through erosion.

The ecological complexities of the flying island set us up for the insanely fertile ecology of a hyper-swamp known as the Mass, a swamp that would make the Amazon jungle look like the Gobi Desert:

> In my mind's eye I saw the nightmare landscape of the Mass: sticky pools slimed with white muck, leafless trees furred inches deep in bright mold, crawling things bristling with damp ridges of shelf fungus, breathless stillness broken only by dripping . . . a landscape not of death but of fervid, fetid life.

The entire final third of the book is boiling with rich, complex ecological theorizing. There is such fierce competition for every imagined biological niche that the mosquitoes inject mammals with antitoxins *against* the myriad of exotic diseases, to keep their sources of blood alive a bit longer.

There are some powerful implications in Sterling's descriptions of the Mass, particularly in his creation of a unique biological phenomenon, the Cross Body. This is a perfect biological metaphor that symbolically joins the decadence of Reverid society with the intricate explosion of life in the Mass, carrying the book into a superbly realized conclusion.

This is SF as it should be. A book that with its cynical humor, exotic but believable characters, and its vividly detailed scenery provides a thoroughly satisfying reading experience. Bruce Sterling is a major new talent—though I wish that he would expunge the word "incredible" from his vocabulary. It shows up attached leechlike to one (admittedly incredible) noun after another, on virtually every page.

That new flavor in SF is pungent in *The Artificial Kid*.

Gregory Benford is an excellent writer who has had trouble with novel-length fiction for years. Finally, after much sweat and strain, he has delivered himself of a true masterpiece. *Timescape*. In it he has achieved the tour de force of blending together three different kinds of books into a homogenous unity

The first aspect of the book is that of a science-fiction novel in the best sense of the term. The world of 1998 is slowly strangling under the spreading influence of a bizarre ecological catastrophe A group of physicists has developed a crude method of contacting the past, and the novel alternately details their efforts to warn 1962, and the efforts of the scientists in 1962 to understand the message. The constant hopping between 1962 and 1998 creates a weird blurring of the present for the reader (1980 lies exactly between those two dates)

The struggle of 1998 and 1962 to respectively communicate and understand creates a gradual increase in tension that is released in an effectively understated denouement, handled with consummate skill and subtlety, that is nothing short of stunning. As you read, the recognition of the truth slowly sneaks up your spinal column until you are left suddenly and frighteningly adrift in a fluid universe with the last shred of stability flowing off the page before you. Among strict time travel novels (time travel is a subgenre that editors and writers have been declaring played-out for decades, but good examples keep showing up), this is as good as they get.

Along the way, Benford casually tosses off one incredible scientific speculation after another in the fine old SF tradition of cosmology juggling. A sample: if it is postulated that electrons can travel backward in time (appearing as positrons, and there is nothing in contemporary theory that precludes this) then it is possible that there is only one electron, switching back and forth trillions of times a "second," forming you, me, lawn mowers, tectonic plates, stars, and, in fact, all that there is.

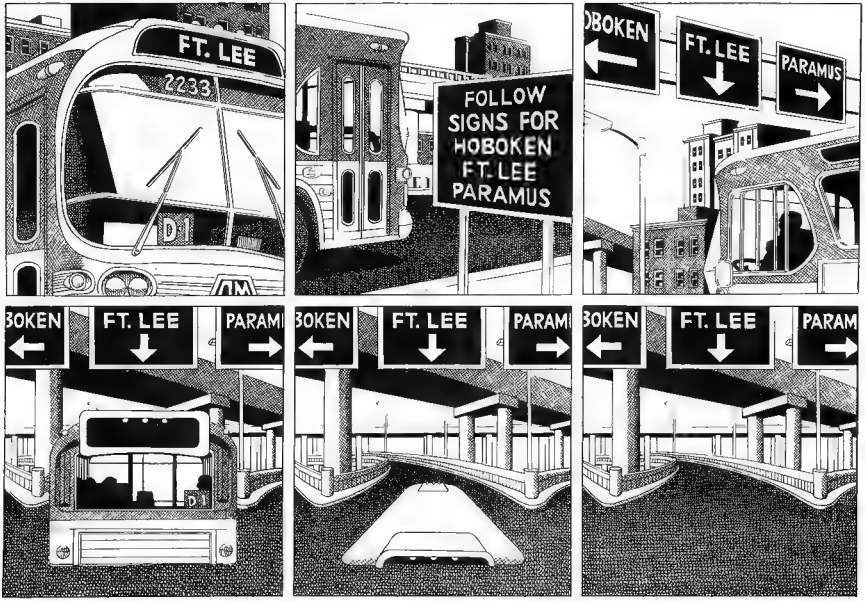
After several of these concepts have distorted the topology of the reader's mind, it becomes apparent that Benford is not indulging in wild speculation, that he has made only one SF assumption (that tachyons, faster-than-light particles, exist), and that all of the speculations in the book derive from either this assumption, or from known physical theory. This reinforces an unspoken maxim in the field: a good scientist can out-speculate a good SF writer any day of the week, with half his cortex shut down. Gregory Benford is a working research physicist during the time spent away from his typewriter.

Timescape is also a wholly realized novel of character. The struggles of Penny and Gordon (in 1962) to maintain a fragile relationship in the face of mounting pressures is heart-warpingly familiar, written with compassion and deep empathy As we follow their lives, we aren't reading about imaginary people: we are peeking through a window into the private lives of some very real folk, people you would want to invite to your next party. We cheer and hiss with every nudge of fate. We want to grab them and force them to listen to each other when their arguments escalate into bitter realms over a basic misunderstanding. Here is a sample exchange:

> "Goddamn, you're good," Penny said.
> "On a scale of one to ten, you get eleven."
> He frowned, thinking, weighing this new hypothesis. "No, it's *we* who are good. You can't separate the performance from the players."
> "Oh, you're so analytical."
> He frowned. He knew that with the conflicted girls back East it would have been different. Oral sex would have been an elaborate matter, requiring much prior negotiation and false starts and words that didn't fit

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER©



but would have to do: "What about if we, well..." and "If, you know, that's what you want..."—all leading to a blunt incident, all elbows and uncomfortable positions that, once assumed, you feared to change out of sheer unspoken embarrassment. With the intense girls he had known, all that would have had to happen. With Penny, no.

He looked at her and then at the wooden walls beyond. A puzzled concern flickered across his face. He knew this was where he should be urbane and casual, but it seemed more important now to get it right. "No, it's not me or you," he repeated. "It's us."

She laughed and poked him.

The 1998 scenes are equally rich. Ian Peterson is a cold, highly efficient bureaucrat with a repellent disbelief in the humanity of the women he manipulates into bed and then discards. Yet, he is much more than this, and it is difficult to avoid feeling sympathy as he exhibits the occasional twinge of selflessness, and as he becomes caught up in the problems of survival. None of Benford's characters are easy to peg; none of them are less than wholly human.

Benford has a piano tuner's pitch both for the fervent nobility of people, and for their more comic aspects:

> Bernard had a gravity about him that warded off direct contradiction. He carried his excess weight with an aggressive energy that seemed to dare anyone to make anything of it. He was short with the kind of barrel chest which, when he relaxed, would suddenly reveal itself to be merely an elevated stomach, held aloft with resolve. It sagged now as Gordon watched; Bernard had forgotten it in his concentration on the sins of Shriffer. His herringbone jacket bulged, the buttons strained. Gordon imagined he could hear Bernard's belt creak with the sudden new pressure. This torture of his wardrobe was redeemed by the unconscious flush of pleasure which spread across Bernard's serious face as his belly descended.

Possibly the greatest value *Timescape* has is its role as a window into the actual workings of scientists, making it a book that belongs on the shelf next to *The Double Helix*, *Advice to a Young Scientist*, and *Disturbing the Universe*.

Writing from his own experience, Benford vividly recreates a world alien to most of us. It is a strange and convoluted terrain, but Benford shows us that it is just as filled with boredom and drama, heartbreak and triumph as is any other creative occupation. We watch the petty squabbles and brutal politics, the desperate scrabble after funding, the frustrating blind alleys, the beauty of an equation falling into place, the painstaking, all-important, and grindingly laborious accretion of data.

Lest you think that this sounds pedantic, rest assured that Gregory Benford is first and foremost a *writer*. There is a lyrical beauty to his prose when he discusses the work of scientists that flows directly from his own deep love of science, and which colors the driest of expositions with passion:

> There was a blithe certainty that came from first comprehending the full Einstein equations, arabesques of Greek letters clinging tenuously to the page, a gossamer web. They seemed insubstantial when you first saw them, a string of squibbles. Yet to follow the delicate tensors as they contracted, as the superscripts paired with the subscripts, collapsing mathematically into concrete classical entities—potential; mass; forces vectoring in a curved geometry—that was a sublime experience. Behind the equations were immensities of space and dust, dead but furious matter bending to the geometric will of gravity, stars like match heads exploding in a vast night, orange sparks that lit only a thin ring of child planets. The mathematics was what made it all; the pictures men carried inside their heads were useful but clumsy, cartoons of a world that was as subtle as silk, infinitely smooth and varied. After you had seen that, really seen it, the fact that worlds could exist within worlds, that universes could thrive within our own, was not so huge a riddle. The mathematics buoyed you.

Timescape is a genre-straddling novel that, if there is any justice left in a market where expediency outranks accomplishment, will find an audience far beyond that of SF readers. It is a great joy to see a superior writer fulfill his promise so spectacularly well.

The Artificial Kid, by Bruce Sterling, Harper & Row, July 1980, $10.95

Timescape, by Gregory Benford, Simon & Schuster, July 1980, $12.95

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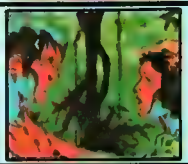

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SIDEBAR by Ted White

continued from page 7

(whose music at that stage showed none of the strength it would subsequently develop as Amon Duul II) and Can. Germany in the seventies had bands like Tangerine Dream (who took Pink Floyd's spacey music to its logical end), Kluster/Cluster (minimalistic music rooted in American avant-gardists like Terry Riley and Philip Glass), Neu (similarly avant-garde), and Faust (sixties psychedelia joined with seventies minimalism). The trend by the end of the seventies was toward more melodic content and stronger songs, as exemplified by Amon Duul II after keyboardist Stephan Zauner joined that group.

At the time it appeared that German avant-rok was pursuing its own distinct course, and one that bore only passing reference to the rock mainstream. The British music press, for example, often sneered at "Kraut-rock" and characterized German rock as cold and Teutonic.

But in the late seventies Brian Eno made two intriguing albums with Cluster, David Bowie went to Germany to Record *Heroes*, and Germany's avant-rok began to be assimilated by England's New Wave.

Looking back now over the last decade it can be seen that Can was nearly as influential on the New Wave as was Roxy Music. Can produced what one critic has called "minimalistic trance music." Using synthesizers and a variety of "non-rock" instruments, the German quartet usually improvised their albums in the studio. Their early albums were emotionally thin, intellectually challenging, and very avant-garde in the European classical tradition. However, they were joined in the late seventies by Reebop Kwaku Baah, who had played on and off with Traffic, and whose influence was apparently instrumental in moving the group closer to the rock mainstream. With albums like *Saw Delight* and *Flow Motion*, Can actually flirted with disco, allying discoid rhythms with their avant sensibilities to produce a new kind of closer-in avant-rok. The hypnotic-trance music was still there, but powerful rhythms played a much stronger role.

Holger Czukay was Can's bass player. In late 1979 he released his solo album *Movies* on EMI. This is an album only hinted at by his work with Can. It is in every sense a mature and amazing album.

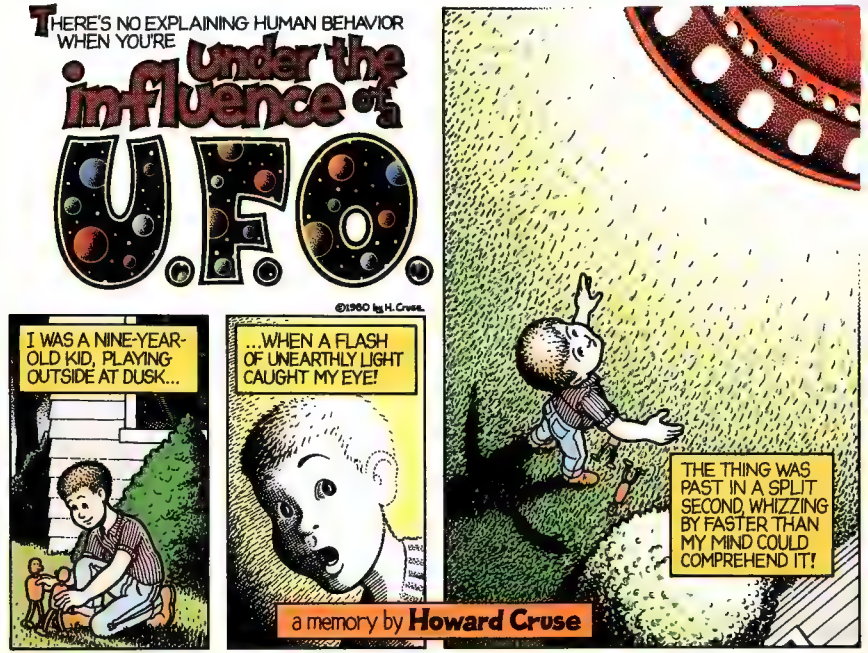
Czukay plays most of the instruments (guitar, bass, keyboards, synthesizers, and "short waves") as well as writing both music and lyrics and handling most of the vocals. He is joined by fellow Can members Jaki Liebezeit (who plays drums on all cuts), Michael Karoli (guitar on one cut), Irmin Schmidt (piano on one cut), and Reebop ("chicken organ" on one cut).

The album contains only four pieces, two short and two long. Each piece has its own identity, but the two long pieces ("Oh Lord Give Us More Money," and "Hollywood Symphony") have aspects in common, principally their use of sound collages made up of voices and sound effects from radio ("short waves") and the movies (probably taken from TV).

The keynote track, however, is the short (just under five minutes) "Cool in the Pool." This piece has already enjoyed considerable success in Europe as a single and well deserves release here in that form. Amazingly catchy, built around the refrain of "Hot — it's *so* hot! Let's get cool in the pool!" the piece is at once very densely constructed and very direct. More than anything else on the album, "Cool in the Pool" owes a huge debt to the *Sergeant Pepper*-era production techniques pioneered by George Martin for the Beatles. At once danceable and ingratiatingly catchy, it rewards each additional listening with new subtleties, new bits of melodic business buried in its textures. Once heard, it's impossible to forget. Summertime still means fun.

"Cool in the Pool" opens the album, and is also the album's high point, but the rest of *Movies* is by no means anticlimactic. "Oh Lord Give Us More Money," which occupies the rest of side one, is slower, dreamier, and borrows from Can the use of a hypnotic pulse-beat to sustain itself while over this steady set of rhythms a variety of melodic snippets intertwine with voices, some of them tape-looped, forming sonic collages. A Crimsoid guitar riff (first cousin to Fripp's riffs on *Red*) begins to build, while Czukay cries out, "Oh Lord, give us more money!" in a half-strangled, half-self-parodying voice.

On side two the shorter track is "Persian Love," in which an apparently authentic Persian vocal line, wailing away in traditional fashion, is juxtaposed with a strongly rhythmic rock backing. The sheer


THERE'S NO EXPLAINING HUMAN BEHAVIOR WHEN YOU'RE
under the influence of a
U.F.O.
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I WAS A NINE-YEAR-OLD KID, PLAYING OUTSIDE AT DUSK...
...WHEN A FLASH OF UNEARTHLY LIGHT CAUGHT MY EYE!
THE THING WAS PAST IN A SPLIT SECOND, WHIZZING BY FASTER THAN MY MIND COULD COMPREHEND IT!
a memory by Howard Cruse

incongruity of it is one of the factors in its success. Talk about fusion music! One can only guess how the present fundamentalistic fanatics in Iran might view this piece. Czukay has done for Persian music something of what George Harrison did for Indian ragas in the latter days of the Beatles. Two apparently incompatible types of music have been brought together — and it works.

The album concludes with "Hollywood Symphony." Here, as with "Oh Lord," Czukay stretches out, using a supple rhythmic underpinning for a variety of sound collages and melodic threads, all interwoven into a seamless, organic whole.

I haven't heard a record this full of diverse directions and unified themes since the exciting post-*Sergeant Pepper* days. *Movies* is an album that brings together the subtle and the obvious, which marries Can's minimalism with the Beatles' excesses. *Movies* is an album that immediately rewards the listener with catchy, danceable hooks, and then repays repeated hearings with a cornucopia of buried bits, with countermelodies like hidden faces in a drawing waiting to delight one with their discovery. This is sophisticated stuff, but it's also accessible. It demands to be heard.

Unfortunately, American EMI/Capital has yet to consider releasing the album. Originally recorded by German EMI/Electrola, it has been released in England on the EMI label (EMC 3319), and is available here only as an import. But any record store that deals with JEM Records (the importers) can order it for you if they don't already have it in stock. Go out and get it. You won't regret it. ●

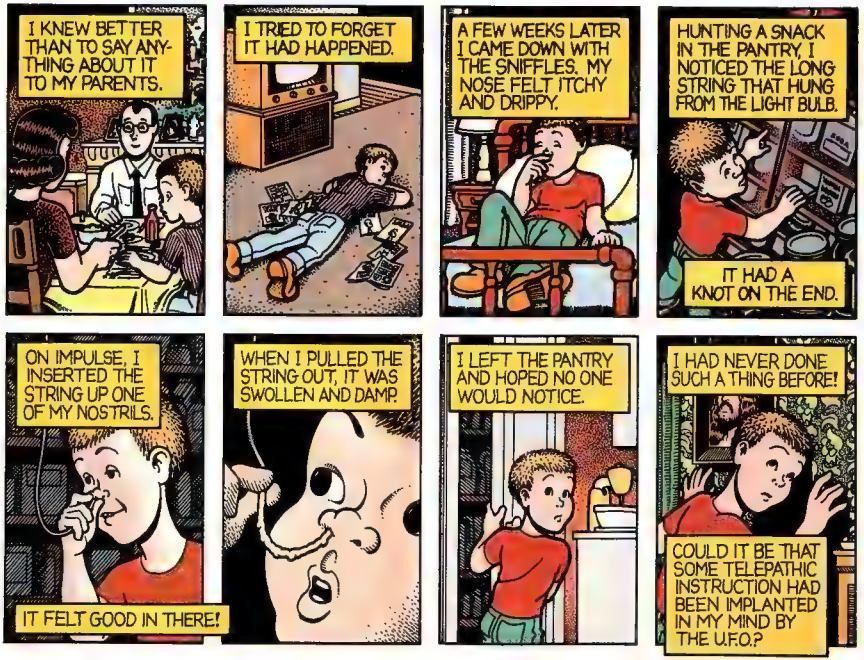
MUZICK by Lou Stathis

continued from page 7

To my ears it is Tuxedomoon, of all the impossibly individualistic artists on the Ralphian roster, who show the most promise. I think they could even approach the Residents in their ability to create something unique and compelling. This unapologetically subjective judgment is based on recorded evidence, one live performance, and a long conversation I had with the band when they recently passed through New York.

Tuxedomoon is not a new band. When they signed a five-year/five-album deal with Ralph in 1979 (persuaded by the distribution network and total artistic control the label offered them), the group had already recorded two singles and two twelve-inch EPs, seeing their release in economically limited quantities on variously named, small San Francisco labels. They were: "Joe Boy... The Electronic Ghost"/"Pinheads on the Move" (released first on Tidal Wave Records in May 1978 and later on Time Release Records), ***Tuxedomoon ep45*** (released in September 1978 on a nameless label, "Stranger"/"Love"/"No Hope" (as Winston Tong w/Tuxedomoon, summer 1979 on Time Release) and ***Scream with a View*** (released in December 1979 on Tuxedomoon Records). Saxophonist-synthesist Steven Brown (I must know a dozen guys with that name) and violinist-synthesist Blaine Reininger first played together in June of 1977, and they remain the core of the band three years later. These days, they seem most comfortable with a trio format, a line-up that includes bassist Peter Principle, who joined in September of 1978 (Mr. Principle has also been identified as Peter Carcinogenic and Peter Dachert—the latter being my pick for the "Guess This Clown's Real Name" competition.) In the course of the band's history various others have been along for the ride. Principally, vocalist-lyricist Winston Tong ("He provided the local color," Reininger notes), guitarist Michael Belfer (who shared much of the composition credit during his stay), an occasional drummer (a slot since filled by a machine), as well as an extended family of filmmakers, dancers, visual artists, and the like fitting in as the moment requires. "We like to provide a showcase for other artists against the matrix of music," Reininger explains. "If we have respect for them as artists, they have carte blanche to do whatever they want. We hardly even consult with them."

Any visual accompaniment is absent, however, the night I catch the band at a basementlike joint called TR3 in downtown Manhattan. Because of the club's spatial limitations the performance must be stripped bare, the resulting stark vista mirroring the spare, contemplative sound of the music. "Sometimes the absence of visuals is in itself a statement," Reininger says later with a touch of irony. The club's sound system is at least better than average, but it can't make up for what is essentially one lousy place to see a band. At the far end of the room the musicians are set up, standing in a stage area no higher than the floor. Facing them, scarce inches away, is a line of people looking nervously exposed and not a little embarrassed. Since the ceiling is only about seven or


I KNEW BETTER THAN TO SAY ANYTHING ABOUT IT TO MY PARENTS.
I TRIED TO FORGET IT HAD HAPPENED.
A FEW WEEKS LATER I CAME DOWN WITH THE SNIFFLES. MY NOSE FELT ITCHY AND DRIPPY.
HUNTING A SNACK IN THE PANTRY, I NOTICED THE LONG STRING THAT HUNG FROM THE LIGHT BULB.
IT HAD A KNOT ON THE END.
ON IMPULSE, I INSERTED THE STRING UP ONE OF MY NOSTRILS.
IT FELT GOOD IN THERE!
WHEN I PULLED THE STRING OUT, IT WAS SWOLLEN AND DAMP.
I LEFT THE PANTRY AND HOPED NO ONE WOULD NOTICE.
I HAD NEVER DONE SUCH A THING BEFORE!
COULD IT BE THAT SOME TELEPATHIC INSTRUCTION HAD BEEN IMPLANTED IN MY MIND BY THE U.F.O.?

eight feet high, and all the jerks who've planted themselves in the front average six feet four, it follows that no one else in the place can see a fucking thing. I'm lucky, though, because I got legs like stilts, and I can see okay if I stick my chin between the two pointed heads in front of me.

Brown lurks behind a keyboard and microphone to my left. He's a fairly short guy with bristly gray hair and a wide face cleansed of expression. The only emotions I am able to read are either a distant, trancelike leisure, or a self-possessed, almost insolent indifference. His clothes are thrift-shop and rummage-sale stuff, typified by the ill-fitting smock that he wears like a limp jacket. As with Tom Verlaine, this style seems to suit him—where others would look stupid, he seems quite at ease (which is the trick). Reininger stands in the center, armed with guitar, violin, and various devices. He is taller, with dark curly hair and a ruddy complexion. I fix immediately on his eyes, which are piercing though opaquely reflective. Encircled by subtle penciled outlines, they stare out from his impassive face like shadows floating in the hollow of his brow. He scans what little he can see of the audience and looks a bit unnerved by the wall of flesh that has him helplessley pinned to the stage area. Beyond him, to my right, is the demure Mr. Principle, his brass hanging from a shoulder strap. His eyes are wide and rather glazed over, and he gives the appearance of having just been dragged from bed. His brown hair is askew, his clothes wrinkled, and he appears to be suffering from a cold. Unlike Reininger, he seems almost oblivious to any human presence.

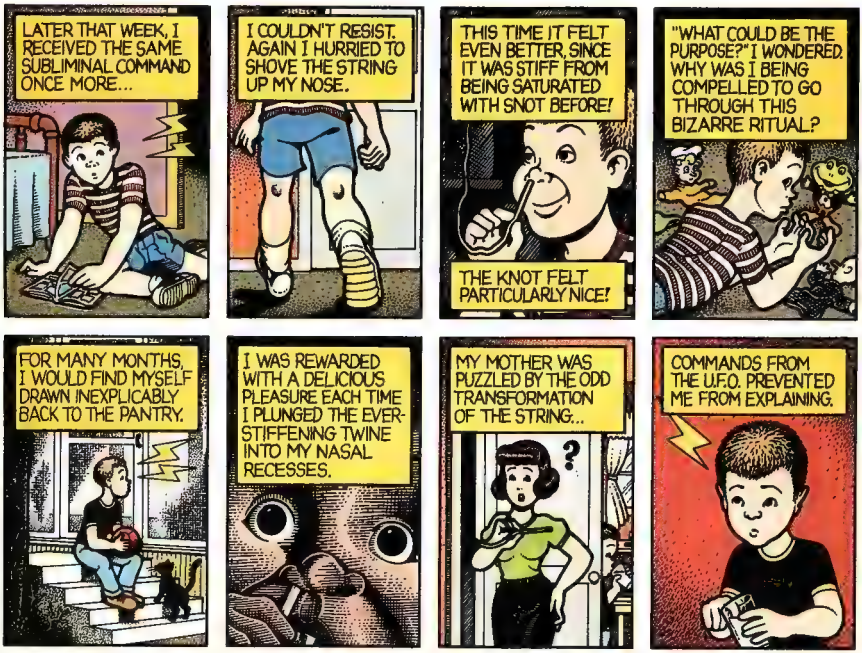
Even without visual enhancement, Tuxedomoon's performance reaches great heights of emotional power (despite the necessity of dividing one long set into two short ones). I feel moved, without having my nerve endings bludgeoned with wattage or standard-issue psychic belligerence. Subliminally but effectively the music stirs me, and I experience a nearly tangible striking of deep, resonant chords in my spiritual underbelly. Later, Blaine tells me that one of their songs, "Tritone," is based around an interval outlawed by the church in the Middle Ages as the music of the devil. "It causes fear and apprehension in the listener," he says with a bit of satanic pleasure in his smile. I believe it. But what I find most impressive about Tuxedomoon is their unique gift for synthesizing styles, ideas, and musicological reference points, blending them all in effortless, artful disarray. I expect to read numerous baffled reviews of *Half-Mute* (if any are attempted), because their sound is so hard to categorize or get a convenient handle on (important consideration for most jerk rok critics). It ain't "art rock" (popular entry in the *Rolling Stone Book of Insults*), though some traces can still be heard of the band's 1979 Ultravox period (listen to the elegantly brutal "New Machine" and "No Tears" on the first EP, and tell me you aren't reminded of *Ha!-Ha!-Ha!*). Steven tells me with a mixture of humor and bitterness, "When Blaine and I first started we vowed that we would never, ever, be a rok band—but, in, fact, we were, at one point. The last time we were in New York we had a drummer and all that stuff." Blaine adds, "It just about drove Steven crazy."

These guys are too fucking good. Where someone else might tread familiar ground—like walking in others' footprints to get through a minefield unscathed—they will not. They're more interested in doing something different, in pushing past the restrictions of any genre to forge a music that is viscerally accessible and artistically vital. Even at the risk of getting their legs blown away in the process. As Blaine told me, "The best way to work is to go into unknown ground and just start doing things, exploiting the ideas that make themselves clear as you proceed. If you announce your intention from the outset, that's all you achieve. What good is that?" Well said.

Such a refreshingly open-minded attitude about music, and creative endeavor in general, prods my curiosity about the band members' backgrounds. Steven balks a bit, but Blaine launches into his life story with alacrity. "I grew up in Pueblo, Colorado, where there was a very active local band scene—cover bands, Chicano bands. I started playing violin when I was nine. In seventh grade, I had a particularly good music teacher who would play all sorts of interesting stuff for those of us who cared—Varese, stuff like that."

Brown opens up a bit and says, "The turning point for me came when I was a junior in high school, and a friend played me a Schoenberg record. It just about changed my life." Had he been playing any instrument up to that point? "Yeah, I was like Blaine; started on the piano when I was nine or so and played clarinet all through school."

Blaine advised me that Steven plays a mean swing licorice stick, which prompts a question about what got him interested in music to begin with. "I first became aware of music through movies," Steven says. "Especially the big, lushly ro-


LATER THAT WEEK, I RECEIVED THE SAME SUBLIMINAL COMMAND ONCE MORE...
I COULDN'T RESIST. AGAIN I HURRIED TO SHOVE THE STRING UP MY NOSE.
THIS TIME IT FELT EVEN BETTER, SINCE IT WAS STIFF FROM BEING SATURATED WITH SNOT BEFORE!
THE KNOT FELT PARTICULARLY NICE!
"WHAT COULD BE THE PURPOSE?" I WONDERED. WHY WAS I BEING COMPELLED TO GO THROUGH THIS BIZARRE RITUAL?
FOR MANY MONTHS, I WOULD FIND MYSELF DRAWN INEXPLICABLY BACK TO THE PANTRY.
I WAS REWARDED WITH A DELICIOUS PLEASURE EACH TIME I PLUNGED THE EVER-STIFFENING TWINE INTO MY NASAL RECESSES.
MY MOTHER WAS PUZZLED BY THE ODD TRANSFORMATION OF THE STRING...
?
COMMANDS FROM THE U.F.O. PREVENTED ME FROM EXPLAINING.

mantic scores of people like Miklos Rózsa and Max Steiner."

Peter offers his bit: "I grew up around a lot of records, and by the time I was in sixth grade I had a vast collection of classical, swing, soul, and records of that sort. I started playing drums around then and later picked up the guitar." All three Tuxedomoonies display a common thread of wildly eclectic listening tastes and suffered from the difficulty of trying to incorporate it all in what they played as they came of age.

Blaine remembers: "I used to hide the fact that I played violin until it became respectable in an intellectual, cool way. I was told by the guys I played in a band with in sixth grade (thick Chicano accent), 'Man, if you're going to play the violeen you can't play in our band, man.' It wasn't until the early seventies, when bands like Blind Faith used violins, that I was finally able to make peace with the avant-garde side of me and the rok side."

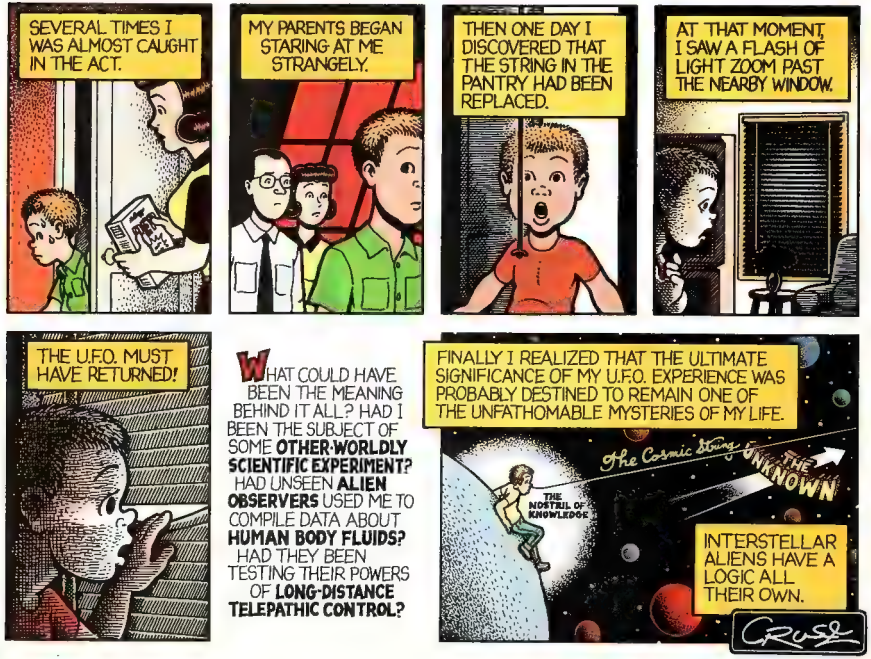
Peter says, "In the sixties I was attracted to things that put off a more subtle mood than most rok, like King Crimson, the early Soft Machine albums, and others like that who were merging rok with other forms of music."

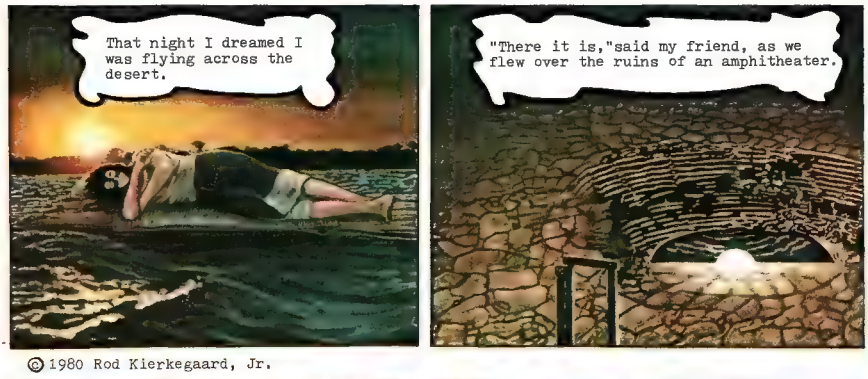
"Pink Floyd's *Ummagumma* really did it for me," Blaine adds.

Peter continues, "In the seventies I really lost interest in rok; I sold all my equipment, stopped playing it, stopped listening to it, except for a little German stuff, like Can and Tangerine Dream. Mostly I was into the music of sound and noises, avant-classical stuff like Stockhausen and Yoko Ono [!]. And I was playing with my tape recorder at home, making tapes of music with sounds, not instruments. For the longest time it just wasn't possible to make this kind of music in a band because the equipment was too damn expensive. Then I met these guys, and they were the first group who wanted to play the stuff I wanted to play, and not Yes covers, or practice every riff fifty million times. Here, finally, was an opening for me to synthesize all these diverse musical formats in one context."

The band feels that they've reached a crucial stage of their development with the recording of *Half-Mute*, followed with an exhausting trip to the East Coast. "We've come to a certain crystallization in what we're doing," says Blaine. "There are a number of ideas that weren't that evident in the past, that are very evident now. Stuff we're doing now represents a somewhat more mature sound of the band. We've realized what our individual high points are and how they mesh together." Steven adds, "We're just approaching a style of our own—this trip has gotten us there." Blaine again: "It's a sort of cumulative experience. We've done so many things in the last three years—the experience of those things is finally beginning to culminate."

Speaking from a listener's standpoint, I would say that *Half-Mute* marks the progress of a band poised at the threshold of a fruitful, adventurous adulthood. Looking backward, I would say that "Joe Boy" was an early formative moment, like puberty, while the "No Tears"-era stuff—throbbing, grinding, pounding, despairing—was the equivalent of a rocky adolescence with its duality of snarling rebellion and the drive for parental acceptance. *Scream with a View* and the stuff on *Subterranean Modern*, both recorded in the middle third of last year, caught the band in its late teens, with the sixteen-year-old's glorious glandular urgency behind it and the secure comfort of adult identity still eluding its grasp. I like the album quite a bit, and while I admire its exploratory energy, I find that the overall feel is too fragmented—almost hesitant in spots—for me to include *Half-Mute* on my All-Time Top Ten, though it's close (there's a nagging certainty inside me that a future album by this band will be up there). It sounds like the band is rationing their ideas on this album—rarely is there more than one per song—and that leaves me the impression that something is missing, or that I've experienced a cataloging of items rather than their actual substance. Songs like "James Whale" (named for the enigmatic director of *Frankenstein* and a dozen and a half other oddities) and "Volo Vivace," while interesting experiments, seem to interrupt the evocative fabric that other songs, like "Seeding the Clouds," "Nazca," and "Seven Years" create so well. I hesitate to call them "filler" but it almost seems that way. At the band's live performance I experienced a strong cumulative impact, a building of mood through subtle nuance and implication pierced with movingly orchestrated moments of passion and intense emotional climax. On *Half-Mute*, subtlety and nuance dominate—passion is almost absent. I am tantalized but not satisfied. I want more. At the interview (before the album was released, and before I had it) Blaine told me, "It feels like we've just finished a classical work, a work with movements . . . it has the same feel as a kind of classical music." But I just can't fit *Half-Mute*'s pieces together into a whole, organic


SEVERAL TIMES I WAS ALMOST CAUGHT IN THE ACT.
MY PARENTS BEGAN STARING AT ME STRANGELY.
THEN ONE DAY I DISCOVERED THAT THE STRING IN THE PANTRY HAD BEEN REPLACED.
AT THAT MOMENT, I SAW A FLASH OF LIGHT ZOOM PAST THE NEARBY WINDOW.
THE U.F.O. MUST HAVE RETURNED!
WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN THE MEANING BEHIND IT ALL? HAD I BEEN THE SUBJECT OF SOME OTHER-WORLDLY SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT? HAD UNSEEN ALIEN OBSERVERS USED ME TO COMPILE DATA ABOUT HUMAN BODY FLUIDS? HAD THEY BEEN TESTING THEIR POWERS OF LONG-DISTANCE TELEPATHIC CONTROL?
FINALLY I REALIZED THAT THE ULTIMATE SIGNIFICANCE OF MY U.F.O. EXPERIENCE WAS PROBABLY DESTINED TO REMAIN ONE OF THE UNFATHOMABLE MYSTERIES OF MY LIFE.
the Cosmic String
THE UNKNOWN
THE NOSTRIL OF KNOWLEDGE
INTERSTELLAR ALIENS HAVE A LOGIC ALL THEIR OWN.
GRUSH



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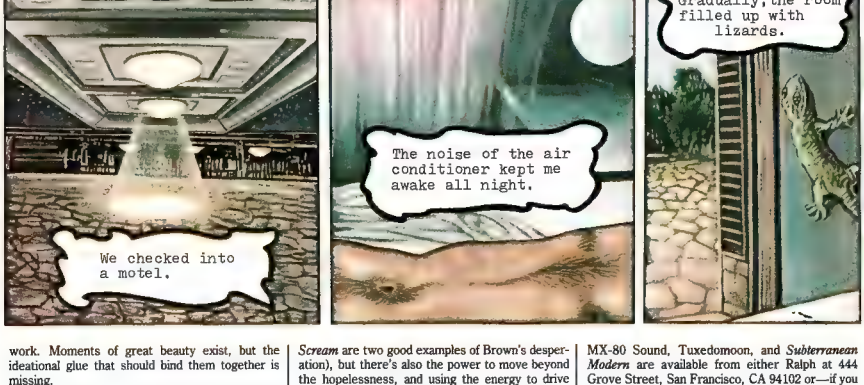

We checked into a motel.
The noise of the air conditioner kept me awake all night.
Gradually, the room filled up with lizards.

work. Moments of great beauty exist, but the ideational glue that should bind them together is missing.

Though neither the band nor Ralph wishes to talk about it, I gather that the band experienced some difficult times last year. It stemmed from a long, debilitating legal struggle to wrest the band from the grip of its previous record company. The strength this battle required might account for the drained, depressed outlook of *Half-Mute*, and the lyrical preoccupation with loneliness, despair, and betrayal (although the band dealt with these themes often in the past, they hand over this album like volcanic ash over Mount Youknowwho). Take the single "What Use?" for example, which goes: "What's the use of feeling betrayed? What's the use of feeling at all? I'm pacing the floor, I'm wearing it smooth. This is stupid, I think I'll go home." And later: "An endless parade of lawyers and finance/Plenty of time with nothing to do." [lyrics ©1980 Joeboy Music/ Pale Pachyderm Pub. (BMI)] Sounds like the music-bizness blues to me. But as Steven told me, "Virtually everything I do comes out of desperate moments. Desire intermixed with angst." There's desperation certainly in what Tuxedomoon is about ("Everything You Want" from *Sub-Mod* and "Family Man" from *Scream* are two good examples of Brown's desperation), but there's also the power to move beyond the hopelessness, and using the energy to drive you into a creative situation. From "What Use?" again: "Give me new noise, give me new affection. Strange new toys from another world. I need to see more than just three dimensions, stranger than fiction, faster than light." I take that to mean that hope is found by pushing outside your immediately despairing situation, saving your sanity and your Self by rising above the mundane level of shit like bizness, poverty, or a crumbling, degenerate civilization. That's hope.

I await with great eagerness anything new from Tuxedomoon. Though I hesitate to predict (and they refuse to speculate on what lies ahead), I look for less bleakness and bitter denunciation—more hope, purity of vision, and the spiritual uplift that accompanies a blinding, solitary pursuit of an ideal. And these guys, if nothing else, are idealists. Why would they bother, otherwise, eh? Anyway, all of you should go out and buy at least *Half-Mute* (I also recommend the single, for the song "Crash" on the B-side—it's lovely), if not all the other stuff, too. Not only are they good records, but these guys need the money.

[All Ralph label stuff: Snakefinger, The Art Bears, MX-80 Sound, Tuxedomoon, and *Subterranean Modern* are available from either Ralph at 444 Grove Street, San Francisco, CA 94102 or—if you are a store—from JEM Records at Box 343, South Plainfield, NJ 07080. The non-Ralph Tuxedomoon stuff is also distributed by JEM and appears to be still available, though that might change at any moment. If stores in your area don't carry this stuff proceed to make a nuisance of yourself until they do—we can't break out of this cultural depression if no one knows the curative exists.]

nuvinyl

Those of you out there who are either already Tuxedomoon fans, or find that you dig what you hear once you try, might also be interested in a couple of new releases that follow the same road of esoteric synthesis.

This Heat have been around since 1976, and their album *This Heat* (Piano label, THIS-1) has been around since 1979. They are a trio, including Charles Bullen, Gareth Williams, and Charles Hayward (ex-Quiet Sun drummer), and produce cross-genre improvisatory music. The members are each multi-instrumentalists, and in live performance they have been known to swap roles at the slightest provocation in pursuit of new musical situations. Demanding listening but ultimately reward-

ing. Fact fans might be interested in the LP's producer being David Cunningham of the Flying Lizards.

Glaxo Babies are a sort of jazzy Faust (if anyone remembers who they were. They employ electronics, studio gimmickry, traditional instruments, and neat noises on their album *Nine Months to the Disco* (Heartbeat Records HB2). There are a couple of deranged, beat-oriented numbers, "Maximum Sexual Joy" and "Shake (The Foundations)," that make my buttocks twitch uncontrollably. There is no information given on the record as to who these characters are, or where they were hatched (the UK one deduces).

The Gadgets, also limeys, also camouflaged, are a bit more traditional than the preceeding outfits. Their album is *Gadgetree* (Final Solution FSLP001), and it blends bits of Pink Floyd, Hawkwind, Devo, and some of he curent synthi bands like the Human League and John Foxx. Like Tuxedomoon, This Heat, and Glaxo Babies these guys make use of taped sounds and effects (dogs barking, conversation, broadcast from a space shot, etc.), a practice that seems to be catching on.

If any of these albums aren't available in your local import store (places in New York like Bleecker Bob's and Pantasia), they can be obtained through the mail from JEM's Import Record Service.

FLIX by Bhob

continued from page 6

decade, in this place, his Space Place.

So I laugh.

When Sebastian gives me his instantaneous visualization of my laughter, beautiful pop hexagons of color radiating outward, a moving mandala of intense and luminescent blues and reds against a black background, my mind transposes these colored circles into representational imagery of an immense orifice—my own mouth. And when I see this, naturally I laugh into the microphone again, and the laughter booms into the far corners of the club's upper level. The huge hexagonal screen instantly responds with colors completely different, combinations of colors, greens and blues now, spewing forth like giant geometric guffaws from the throat of God.

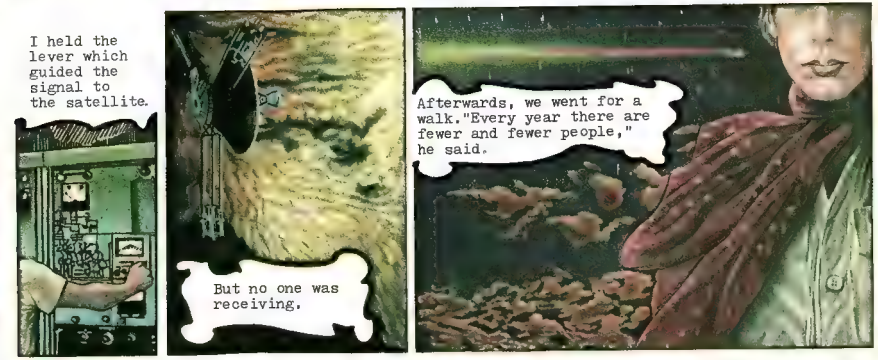
I'm laughing the Cosmic Giggle at last. And I know I'm in the eighties now.

But Bill Sebastian, the color/light genius of the New Age, is merely warming up his machine before practicing his art. Sebastian's gift to the world isn't too widely known as I type this, but sooner or later you're going to have to deal with what he's doing. So maybe you'd better read on. Because we're in the eighties now.

We are moving at blinding speed into the heart of the Information Revolution. Instant info. Touch now. The world's knowledge zapped onto your screen at your request. Info feedback. The technology that makes this possible is, fortunately, also in the hands of artists, and it was only inevitable that there would be new experiments with the ancient concept of "color music," popularized during the sixties at rock-concert light shows and demonstrated for decades by the inventors of various color organs.

An age-old dream: to sit at a keyboard and control the movements of light and color in a manner simular to that of a musician at his musical instrument. This reads like a description of a long-ago Gernsbackian vision, an *Amazing* "scientifiction" illustration on rotting pulp paper, but the patent office actually has on file dozens of such devices datng back through the nineteenth century. The latest is Sebastian's invention, the Outer Space Visual Communicator. But then he keeps changing the name. For a while it was known as the Visual Improvisational Instrument, and it's also been called "the planet earth's first visionary intergalactic instrument." Despite the technology involved (six hundred timing circuits that can sustain an image from one one-hundredth of a second to twenty seconds), the main factor here is *personal expression*. Sebastian's hands glide over four hundred touch-sensitive buttons as he does

The images were split--
--by laser beams,
--which made them appear three dimensional--then fed through a series of phased tape loops.


I held the lever which guided the signal to the satellite.
But no one was receiving.
Afterwards, we went for a walk. "Every year there are fewer and fewer people," he said.

his "electronic fingerpainting," concentrating on the "size, symmetry, sharpness, continuity, and other emotionally significant concepts" of the changing patterns seen on the eleven-by-ten-foot display screen. He's ***not*** switching on a pre-programmed gadget. Sebastian really is an artist functioning in a manner similar to a musician's and performing on an instrument of great range and flexibility. The *Soho News* has called the Communicator "the absolutely perfect visual accompaniment to music." And music critic Mark Rowland has gone even further, stating that "Sebastian may be responsible for one of the significant artistic breakthroughs of the twentieth century, but so far hardly anyone seems to be noticing."

In addition to solo concerts (without music), Sebastian has also performed with tapes and records (everything from African-Asian ethnic music to Bach), and his light shows are music oriented even when it's just him and his Communicator—as witness his January 1980 solo concert based on the music of Thelonious Monk. But the real kick, for both Sebastian and his audiences, happens when he revs up the OSVC in tandem with live music. In the past two years, in his loft and in New York/Boston theaters, he's provided the visual excitement for a diverse list of music talents such as Sun Ra and his Space Arkestra; Bound and Gagged; Ground Zero, and other New Wave groups; jazzman Geoff Alderman; the electronic improvisational group Outer Tube; the female jazz quintet Bougainvillea.

Not all groups adapt quickly to the Communicator's contributions. "When I play with new bands that I haven't played with before," says Sebastian, "a lot of them come in with their old charts that they've worked out in practice. The Communicator is like adding a whole other instrument; it's a very powerful instrument, and it changes the way the piece sounds. A lot of them just become real uncomfortable, and they try to ignore it because it's messing up their vibes, what they've practiced and rehearsed. It's only musicians who are open to a new experience who can really work with it at all. Out of thirty or forty groups that I've ever played with on this thing, there's only a handful, three or four groups, that could really relate to the instrument. Sun Ra and Outer Tube are the most remarkable that way. Outer Tube's electronic improvisation is closer, in some respects, to many aspects of the way I compose. They also deal on a purely spontaneous basis; they don't do any rehearsed compositions. Outer Tube would always set up so that the musicians were facing the screen. Many times with Sun Ra we set up so the musicians were looking toward the audience and not quite seeing the screen. Outer Tube and I got along real good; they, probably more than any other group, were able to learn to work with the instrument. Sun Ra's music is largely what inspired the way the instrument is designed and constructed."

Sebastian doesn't care for the idea that he's interpreting music; instead, he's "adding something different," actually fusing with both his instrument and the musicians. The end result is a synesthesia, high-tech and hard-edge, of non-representational graphics unlike anything created by light-show technicians and color organists of the past.

Color organs can be traced back to the early eighteenth century, when the Jesuit philosopher-mathematician Louis-Bertrand Castel (1688–1757) wrote *La Musique en Couleurs* in 1720. Fourteen years later he built his *Claveçin Oculaire*, the first color organ, which used the keys of a clavier to control transparent tapes illuminated by candles. Castel's pastels were undoubtedly not as impressive as his prophetic insight into the future of color technology: "One could perform a play, in which entered human figures, angelic figures, animals, reptiles. Or one can give a play of variegated flowers—rose for the color of roses, violet for the violet—so arranged that each touch of the hand would represent a flowerbed and the sequence a mobile diversity of animated flowerbeds. All that one can paint one can put into a moving picture, and vice versa, at the will of a clever player of the *Claveçin*." You gotta admit

Castel had a hell of an imagination to think of things like this back in the eighteenth century. Sounds almost as though he might be reviewing Disney's *Flowers and Trees* (1932) or Suzan Pitt's *Asparagus*.

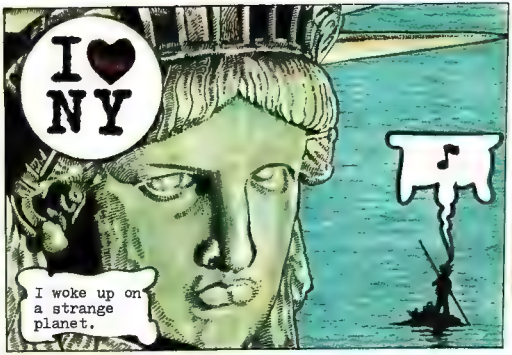
In the nineteenth century there were more experiments. D. D. Jameson's 1844 color-music instrument, illuminating translucent liquids in glass globes, had color-matched keys on a pianoforte. Alexander Wallace Rimington, a fine-arts professor at Queen's College, London, was so deeply impressed by the abstractions of light in Turner's landscapes that he aimed for a synthesis of "mobile color" and music (Wagner, Dvorak, Chopin) with his 1893 color organ of fourteen arc lamps projecting colors onto waving white silk. When he gave his premiere concert (6 June 1895), viewers apparently found little relationship between Rimington's color movements and the music.

Greatest Show on Earth

Impresario P. T. Barnum was interested in the possibilities of color organs, and he kept, in his Bridgeport, Connecticut, home, a small unit built in 1877 by Bainbridge Bishop. Elsewhere, in Australia, music concerts with color projections, staged by Alexander Hector, used the glowing colors from Geissler tubes. In 1903 the pianist Mary Hallock-Greenewalt began her lifelong color studies; eighteen years later, in New York City, she showed off her organ (designed to fit in the pit, where the player would be under the direction of the conductor) and then toured the US giving "color concerts." Another color/light projection system, using powerful arc lamps, was given the juice in 1921 by Adrian Bernard Klein, author of *Colour Music: The Art of Light* (1927). Bauhaus theorist-designer László Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946) constructed his famed *Light-Space Modulator* between 1922 and 1930. An electric motor and chain belts turned the contraption's odd-shaped metal plates; when a spotlight was directed at these surfaces, the entire room would be filled with shifting shadow shapes. When I saw the *Modulator* at Harvard's Busch-Reisinger Museum, it was displayed in a fully lit room, broken and inoperative, and they tell me it's been in that condition for fifteen or twenty years.

The contributions of a giant, *lumia* artist Thomas Wilfred (1889–1968), are not easily forgotten, thanks to a major 1971 retrospective (instigated by museum director Walter Hopps, an important behind-the-scenes figure in the surfacing trends of contemporary art), resulting in an attractive little book (*Thomas Wilfred: Lumia* by Donna Stein) and the exhibition, at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, DC, of nineteen of Wilfred's internally programmed, self-operating *Clavilux* instruments, along with sixty of his drawings/plans. Born in Denmark, Wilfred (real name: Richard Edgar Løvstrøm) began his color/light experiments in 1905, studied painting/sculpture at the Sorbonne, worked as a newspaper correspondent, performed as a balladeer on a twelve-string archlute, moved to the US in 1916, and built his first *Clavilux* color organ at his South Huntington, Long Island, studio in 1919. The first public performance of his opalescent abstractions (10 January 1922) was held at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York City. When Wilfred stepped behind the curtains and began manipulating his organ, the crowd went wild. He gave up his singing career and, after touring the US and Canada during the next three years, gave *Clavilux* concerts in London, Paris, and Copenhagen in 1925. The next year Wilfred provided a visual setting for a performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's *Scheherazade* by the Philadelphia Orchestra. Because the conductor was Leopold Stokowski, one can only speculate on Wilfred's possible influential role in the eventual collaboration between Stokowski and Disney on *Fantasia* (1940). Describing the 1926 Stokowski concert, Donna Stein noted, "Each musical motif corresponded to a

He stooped and ran his fingers through the sand.
"The planet is drying up. It's as if all the molecules were draining away."
One of the lamps had followed us and was uneasily patrolling its invisible borders.
"I've decided to leave,"he said --and for a moment I smelled mimosa,remembered the lake near the houses where we'd grown up...
"Where are you going?"I said finally.
"To look for greener worlds."



theme in *Lumia*. The form and color blended as the music played. Wilfred did not follow the music measure for measure, but created an atmosphere around each movement. This first experiment left the artist unsatisfied, for he had been unable to create a visual equivalent for the aural splendor of the orchestra. Consequently, it wasn't until fifteen years later that Wilfred again composed a visual accompaniment to music. This time, however, he avoided preset mental images by selecting an unfamiliar score, the *Swan of Tuonela* by Jean Sibelius. His setting for it did not interpret the music but created a visual environment."

Small home *Clavilux* units were built in 1930. At his Art Institute of Light in New York City's Grand Central Palace (480 Lexington Avenue) there were two weekly color shows, beginning in 1934, in a seventy-five-seat theater. This continued until 1943, when the building became a World War II induction center; Wilfred then moved his studio to West Nyack, New York. He also did light projections to accompany dance and theater, in addition to working with RCA on a 1938 NBC–TV *Clavilux* telecast, and his 1939 form/color/motion *Fantascope* was used at New York City's Payne-Whitney Clinic as a "mobile Rorschach test" in the study of schizophrenia. Redesigning the Bal Tabarin ballroom interior in Chicago's Hotel Sherman in 1929, Wilfred projected a gigantic (22-by-210-foot) mural of continually changing scenes, both abstract and representational. Wilfred's ambitious dream, never realized, was his 1928 plan to mount a *Clavilux Silent Visual Carillon* atop the tower of a tall building so that this dome, visible for miles, could be seen "playing ever changing synchronies in pure color of great intensity upon four curved steel surfaces that form a top unit of great strength as well as beauty."

The Texan Mary Ellen Bute, a pioneer in the making of abstract animated films (shown in 35mm at Radio City Music Hall during the thirties), was Wilfred's assistant for a short while before she found her own route. She wrote, "It was particularly while I listened to music that I felt an overwhelming urge to translate my reactions and ideas into a visual form that would have the ordered sequence of music. After leaving the Pennsylvania Academy I explored the possibility of color organs. Most of these used optical devices for the projection of color and images, but the end results were disappointing—amorphous shapes far from the creative expression I was seeking." Splitting from Wilfred she teamed with Leon Theremin, the Russian scientist who invented, in 1920, the unusually melodic instrument (bearing his name) that used an electronic oscillator to produce glissando musical tones. (A performer does not touch the theremin but, instead, moves the left hand near a metal loop to control volume while gesturing at a perpendicular rod with the right hand to vary the pitch. In the mid forties the theremin was the object of much popular interest after film composer Miklós Rózsa, in 1945, included it in both his *Lost Weekend* score and his Academy Award-winning *Spellbound* composition.) Bute and Theremin planned an instrument for "the free control of light and form in movement," and, on 31 January 1932, they gave a demonstration, *The Perimeters of Light and Sound and Their Possible Synchronization*, which she later described as "an early use of electronics for drawing." Lack of financing and Theremin's return to Russia, however, brought an end to their collaboration.

Soon there were a host of other color organists and color/light technicians, many inspired by Wilfred: nuclear engineer Earl Reibeck (who extended Wilfred's concepts with his own *Lumia Aurora*, a preprogrammed optical system of chroma-dyed glass, sometimes seen with music), Long Island University's Tom Douglas Jones (who orchestrated colors from the controls of his 1940 *Chromaton*), Nicolas Schöffer (*Musiscope* music/color concerts in France), *Theater of Light* engineer W. Christian Sidenius (who began, in 1945, to add more and more components to his sophisticated projection system, eventually sitting at a six-foot console producing patterns synched to original music by saxophonist Paul Winter and

electronic composer Tod Dockstader), British engineer Cecil Stokes (whose mid-forties secret *Auroratone* process of polarized crystal plates was backed by Bing Crosby and used for psychotherapeutic purposes in VA mental hospitals), Charles Singletary (color/music concerts in the fifties), Dr. Henry Hill (rear projection of floodlit, rotating color wheels), and Bob Beck (who improved on the *Auroratone* for his own *Crystal Trip*). Beck, who preferred to use light classical music and a Columbia record titled *Reverie*, felt his *Crystal Trip* was "not compatible with the rock-and-roll idiom."

Popular interest in Thomas Wilfred's creations diminished throughout the forties and fifties. By 1959 Wilfred was devising large (six-by-nine feet) *lumia* compositions for office interiors (*Study in Depth, Opus 152*, for the Clairol Corporation), but his name meant little to the general public. Guards at the Museum of Modern Art took note of some gallerygoers who stood for hours before MOMA's "favorite child," the fiery, alchemical *Hide and Seek* by Pavel Tchelitchew. But, during the early sixties, a little *lumia* cabinet, placed in a side alcove, rated only passing glances.

Then, in 1964, MOMA's gift to Wilfred was his own basement theater for the six-by-eight-foot rear projection of his *Lumia Suite, Opus 158*. There were only two small benches in this tiny, darkened theater, and often, during the late sixties, I would wander in, take a seat, and watch the languid procession of colors, described by Wilfred as "twelve-minute cycles comprising three movements: Horizontal—large diaphanous forms moving from left to right; Vertical—form moving from bottom to top; Elliptical—descending arc slowly transforming horizontal sequence into a central vortex of expanding and interlacing ellipses. Form sequence repeats each time with a different color development."

This composition and installation was, from Wilfred's point of view, perfect. In a 1965 letter he stated, "From beginning to final completion, this work has been, as it were, 'under a lucky star.' The vision came easily and without effort or doubt; the sequence molded itself smoothly in my mind; the instrument necessary for its performance presented no serious problems, and the gallery which was finally selected for its installation has proven ideal."

Although there's no denying Wilfred's major role as a pioneer in kinetic art, his belief in the purity of his *lumia* creations ("Light is the silent universal expression of the greatest force our senses can grasp"), his theories that the arts of light and sound should remain separate, his insistence that there was no correlation between musical tone structures and the molasses-slow progression of a *lumia* composition, his refusal to explore the infinite possibilities of a synesthetic melding of rhythmic colors with popular music—these were all factors that limited Wilfred's mass appeal.

At times, when the sixties were exploding outside, I would be sitting in the darkness of the MOMA basement theater waiting for the form sequences to repeat, listening to the footsteps in the lit gallery beyond the doorway, listening to the distant subway rumble, listening to the muffled gnashing of gears behind the screen. After a while I would look around, and notice that others hardly paused to sit. Many would leave after watching for about two minutes. In all my visits I never saw anyone interested or patient enough to stay through even one twelve-minute cycle. When I left, I sometimes saw that the entire basement level was completely deserted. Thomas Wilfred's *Lumia Suite, Opus 158*, which he thought of as his masterpiece, was playing to an empty room.

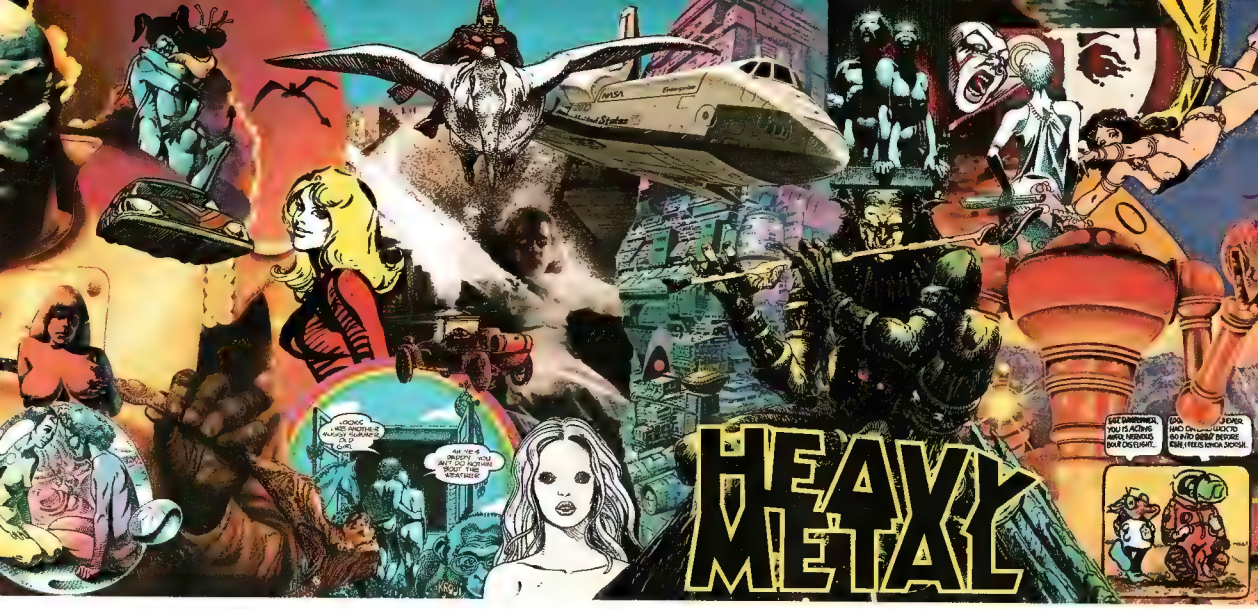
In Nyack, Wilfred lay dying.

In Manhattan, like flowers in an unexplored valley obscured by clouds, Wilfred's colors, moving at the pace of another century, continued to silently blossom and unfold for a nonexistent audience.

And elsewhere, the entire world, it almost seemed, was rocking and a-rolling, stroboscopically speaking. But we'll get to that, next issue, okay?

I love Newark --because of the ambulance.
I love New York-- especially in the evenin'!
OK, man-- let's see what's in the bag.
Just my girl friend.
JESUS CHRIST! That's really disgusting.
Hey, come back! She's only a store window dummy.
Everybody in New York's in such a hurry.

To Be Continued



COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL, 1977: *The* Collector's Edition, with the debut of Moebius's "Arzach," Corben's "Den," Bodé's "Sunpot," and more ($5.00)

#2/MAY, 1977: Russian astronauts, Roger the paranoid puppet, "Conquering Armies" the ultimate rock festival, and more ($4.00)

#3/JUNE, 1977: Macedo's "Rockblitz," the highly praised "Shells," the beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bodé, more ($3.00)

#4/JULY, 1977: Lots of Moebius "Azarch," plus part one of "The Long Tomorrow," also the final installment of "Sunpot." ($3.00)

#5/AUGUST, 1977: The saga of Polonius begins "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "The World Apart" and "Den" continue ($3.00)

#6/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Roger Zelazny has a short story, Moebius a space opera, plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius." ($3.00)

#7/OCTOBER, 1977: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" *redux*, yet more. ($3.00)

#8/NOVEMBER, 1977: New Harlan Ellison fiction, nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart." ($3.00)

#9/DECEMBER, 1977: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz" by Druillet, "Fortune's Fool" by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color contributions form Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius. ($3.00)

#10/JANUARY, 1978: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues. ($3.00)

#11/FEBRUARY, 1978: New adventures of Barbarella wraparound cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius, Corben, et al ($3.00)

#12/MARCH, 1978: Swashbuckling "Onon" makes a debut, courtesy of Gray Morrow, and there's more "Barbarella," more "Urm," and yet more "Den." ($3.00)

#13/APRIL, 1978: Our first anniversary issue! A thirty-page insert from Paradise 9, and Barbarella gives birth, while Den wraps it up. ($3.00)

#14/MAY, 1978: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat. ($3.00)

#15/JUNE, 1978: Corben introduces Shahrazad, Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman." ($3.00)

#16/JULY, 1978: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," the resumption of Druillet's "Gail," yet more "Heilman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights." ($3.00)

#17/AUGUST, 1978: Sorry—SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER, 1978: Corben's "Sindbad," Moebius's "Major," "Heilman," "Orion," "Lone Sloane on Gail," and Harlan Ellison too. ($3.00)

#19/OCTOBER, 1978. ' Exterminator 17, ' Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin " the debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus the usual ($3.00)

#20/NOVEMBER, 1978: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire, ' more "Sindbad, ' ' Exterminator,' Major Grubert, Heilman's final rebirth, more ($3.00)

#21/DECEMBER, 1978: The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and twelve beautiful pages of Moebius. ($3.00)

#22/JANUARY, 1979: Trina makes her debut here, and Druillet concludes ' Gail," plus McKie and Corben How much can you take? ($3.00)

#23/FEBRUARY, 1979: "Galactic Geographic," ' Starcrown," Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's ' So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo. ($3.00)

#24/MARCH, 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II and Ellison's late show. ($3.00)

#25/APRIL, 1979: Our second birthday bash, with Chaykin's "Gideon Faust," and ' Alien' portfolio, Val Mayerik's "Time Out, ' more ($3.00)

#26/MAY, 1979: It's all-American (except for Druillet's "Disco" and a Proust joke) fifteen entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated "Alien." ($3.00)

#27/JUNE, 1979: Fifty-four pages of "Captain Future," plus more illustrated ' Alien," and the final episode of 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous." ($3.00)

#28/JULY, 1979: Bodé's "Zooks" premieres. Corben's "Sindbad" concludes. Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts. ($3.00)

#29/AUGUST, 1979: Caza steals the show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, ' Galactic Geographic," Bodé, more ($3.00)

#30/SEPTEMBER, 1979: 'Elric,' "Buck Rogers, ' a lizard named Elvis, and ' Little Red V-3," alongside Montellier and Moebius ($3.00)

#31/OCTOBER, 1979: Halloween strikes with a tribute to H P Lovecraft with Moebius, Druillet, Suydam, others. ($3.00)

#32/NOVEMBER, 1979: Let us give thanks for Corben's "Rowlf," Bodé's ' Zooks, ' Brunner's "Elric,' Chaykin's "Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more ($3.00)

#33/DECEMBER, 1979: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofoed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants." ($3.00)

#34/JANUARY, 1980: A new year—*a new decade*—begins with a new look for *HM* with the debut of four new columnists, new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan, the conclusion of Corben's "Rowlf," and much more! ($3.00)

#35/FEBRUARY, 1980: An eerie Couratin cover adorns this winter issue Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie Experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip ($3.00)

#36/MARCH, 1980 Why did The Crevasse take Jeannette? For the answer read the Schuten Bros. strip! Plus. Corben, Matena Moebius, and Lee Marrs s "Good Vibrations" ($3.00)

#37/APRIL, 1980: Our Third Anniversary issue — 32 pages of "Champakou" in living color, the final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth Corben, Bodé—and *more!* ($3.00)

#38/MAY, 1980: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will Champakou reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the Alien Marilyn, too? Take a look. We'll never tell. ($3.00)

#39/JUNE, 1980: Champakou meets his fate, while Captain Sternn saves the day. And in their revange, The Flying Wallendas vs. The Earth! ($3.00)

#40/JULY, 1980: ' The Alchemist Supreme' continues with Axle learning the truth about his sidekick Musky, Bilal's ' Progress' begins, and Moebius returns with ' Shore Leave ' ($3.00)

#41/AUGUST, 1980: Druillet returns with the first installment of ' Salammbo," while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed) Bilal continues "Progress!" ($3.00)

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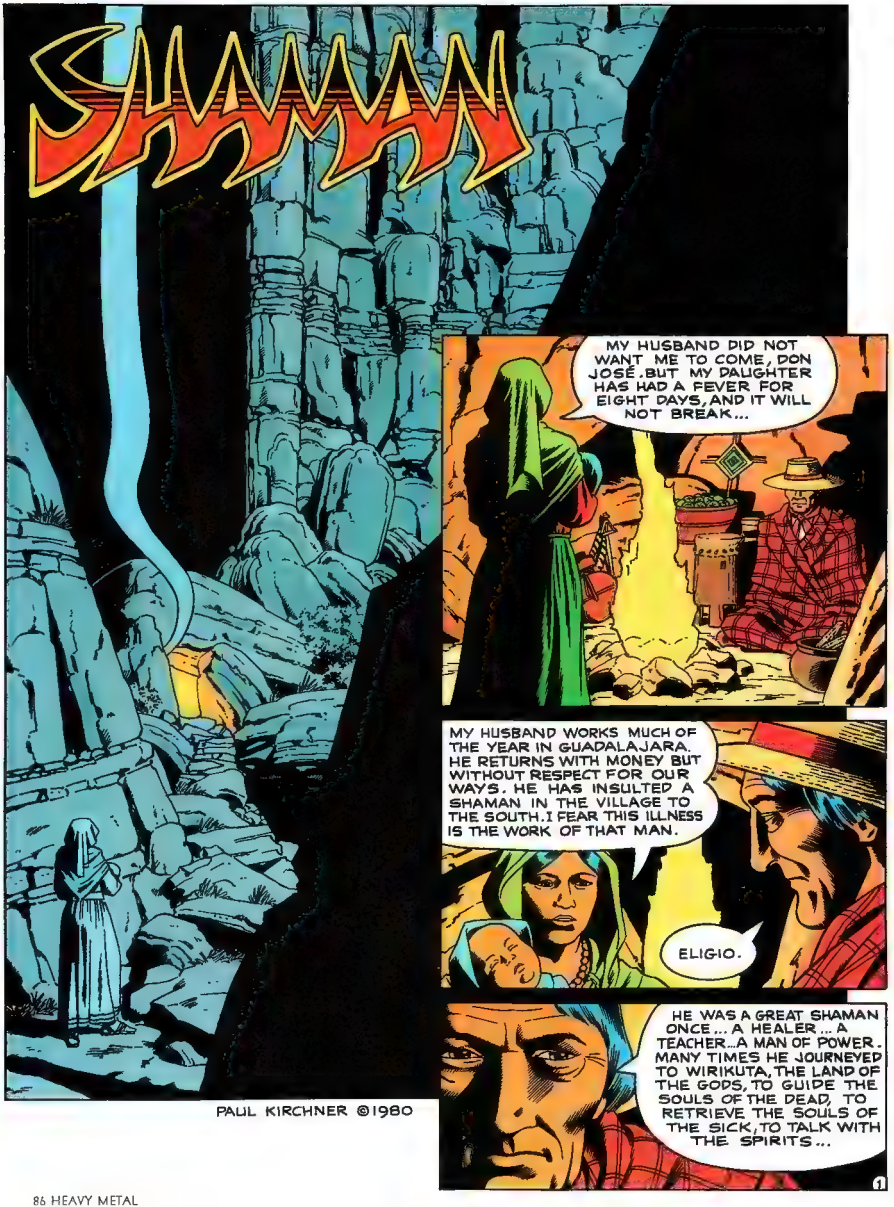
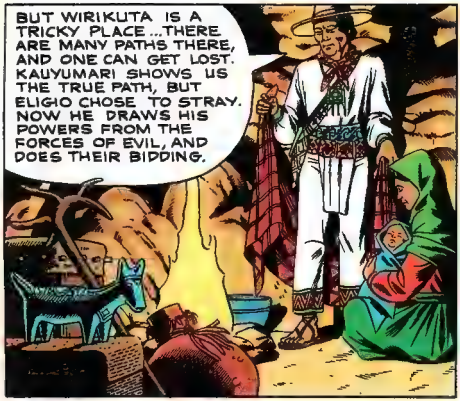
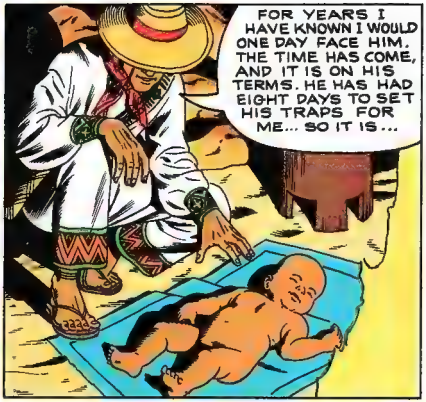

SHAMAN
MY HUSBAND DID NOT WANT ME TO COME, DON JOSÉ. BUT MY DAUGHTER HAS HAD A FEVER FOR EIGHT DAYS, AND IT WILL NOT BREAK...
MY HUSBAND WORKS MUCH OF THE YEAR IN GUADALAJARA. HE RETURNS WITH MONEY BUT WITHOUT RESPECT FOR OUR WAYS. HE HAS INSULTED A SHAMAN IN THE VILLAGE TO THE SOUTH. I FEAR THIS ILLNESS IS THE WORK OF THAT MAN.
ELIGIO.
HE WAS A GREAT SHAMAN ONCE... A HEALER... A TEACHER... A MAN OF POWER. MANY TIMES HE JOURNEYED TO WIRIKUTA, THE LAND OF THE GODS, TO GUIDE THE SOULS OF THE DEAD, TO RETRIEVE THE SOULS OF THE SICK, TO TALK WITH THE SPIRITS...
1

PAUL KIRCHNER ©1980

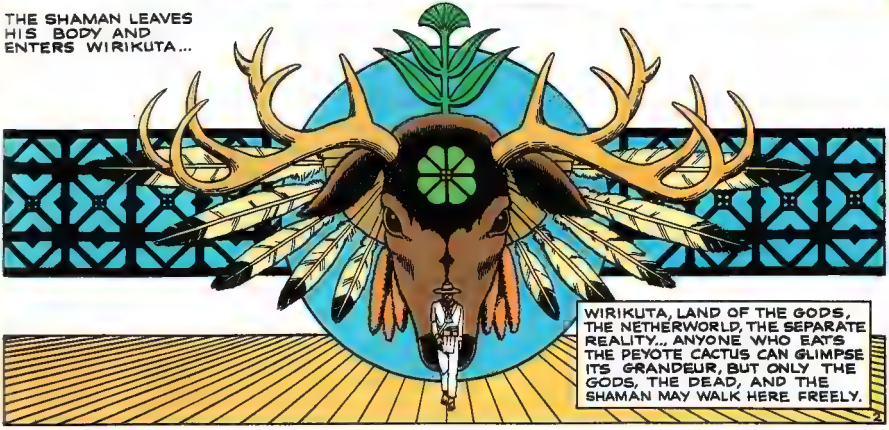

BUT WIRIKUTA IS A TRICKY PLACE...THERE ARE MANY PATHS THERE, AND ONE CAN GET LOST. KAUYUMARI SHOWS US THE TRUE PATH, BUT ELIGIO CHOSE TO STRAY. NOW HE DRAWS HIS POWERS FROM THE FORCES OF EVIL, AND DOES THEIR BIDDING.

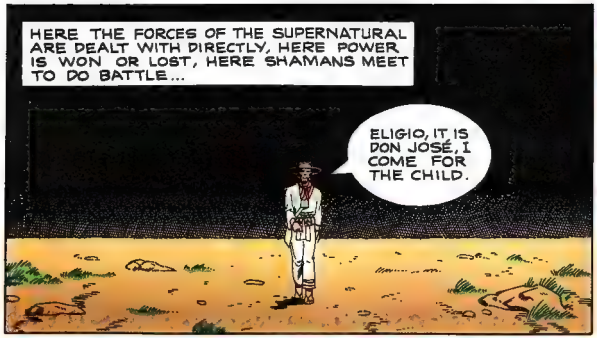

FOR YEARS I HAVE KNOWN I WOULD ONE DAY FACE HIM. THE TIME HAS COME, AND IT IS ON HIS TERMS. HE HAS HAD EIGHT DAYS TO SET HIS TRAPS FOR ME... SO IT IS...

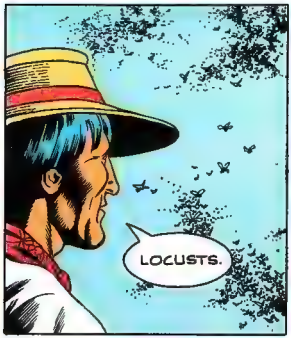
THE SHAMAN BEGINS A SLOW, STEADY BEAT ON A DRUMSKIN OF DEERHIDE.

BEHIND THE DRUMMING COMES A FAINT ECHO OF HOOFBEATS... KAUYUMARI APPROACHES... KAUYUMARI, THE BROTHER DEER, THE SPIRIT GUIDE, IN WHOSE HOOFPRINTS THE SACRED PEYOTE GROWS...

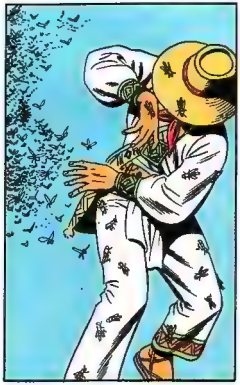
THEN THE DOORWAY OPENS...

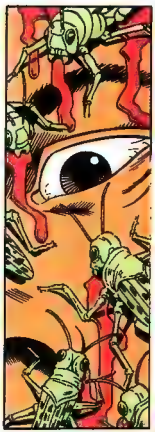

THE SHAMAN LEAVES HIS BODY AND ENTERS WIRIKUTA...
WIRIKUTA, LAND OF THE GODS, THE NETHERWORLD, THE SEPARATE REALITY... ANYONE WHO EATS THE PEYOTE CACTUS CAN GLIMPSE ITS GRANDEUR, BUT ONLY THE GODS, THE DEAD, AND THE SHAMAN MAY WALK HERE FREELY.


HERE THE FORCES OF THE SUPERNATURAL ARE DEALT WITH DIRECTLY, HERE POWER IS WON OR LOST, HERE SHAMANS MEET TO DO BATTLE...
ELIGIO, IT IS DON JOSÉ, I COME FOR THE CHILD.

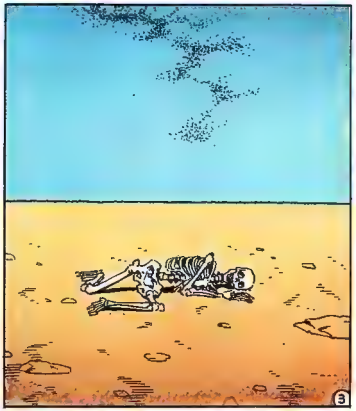


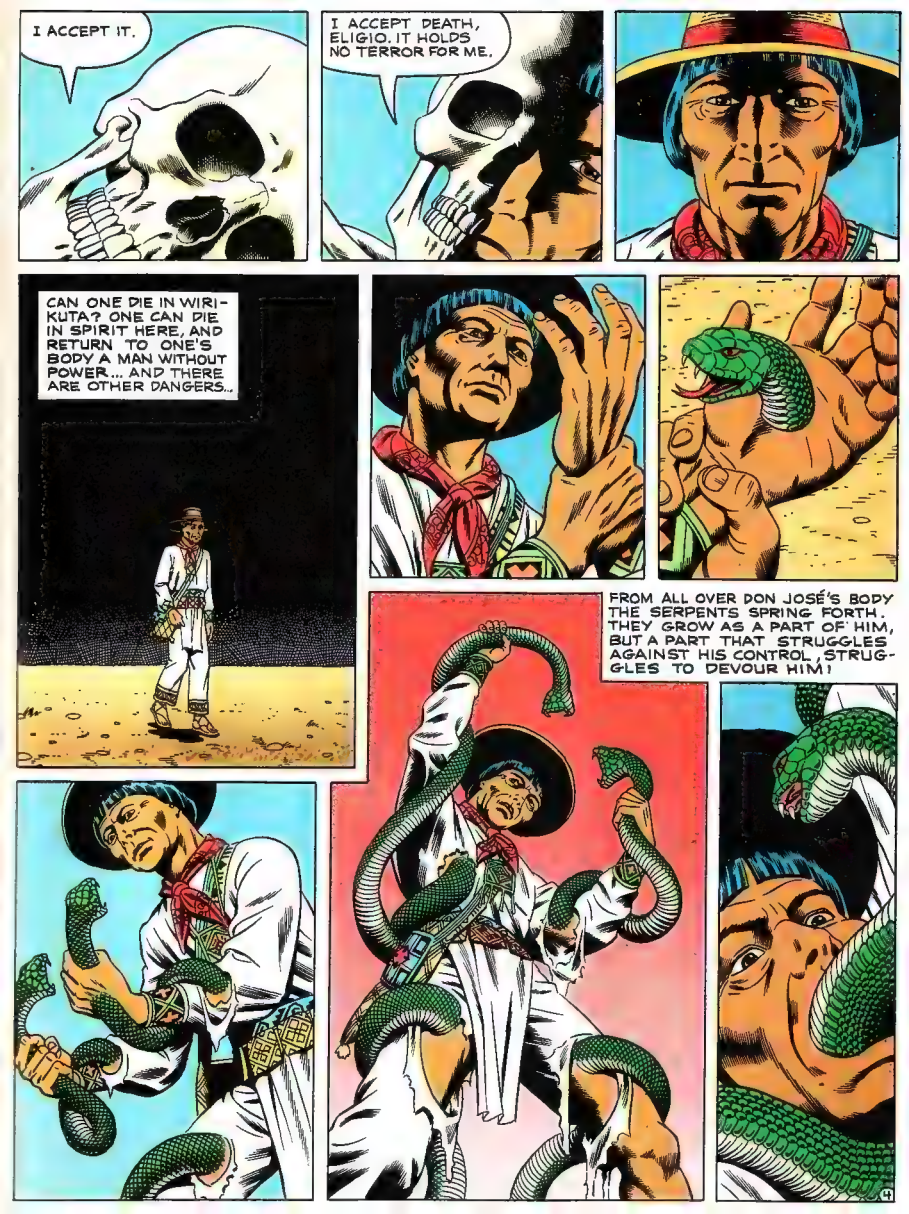
THE LOCUSTS PURSUE DON JOSÉ, BITING AND STINGING...,





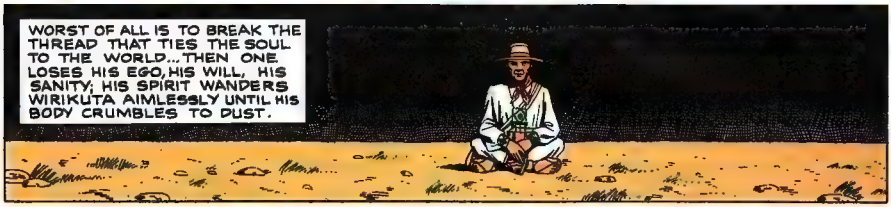
THEY SWARM OVER HIS BODY, THEY CRAWL DOWN HIS THROAT, EATING HIS FLESH INSIDE AND OUT.

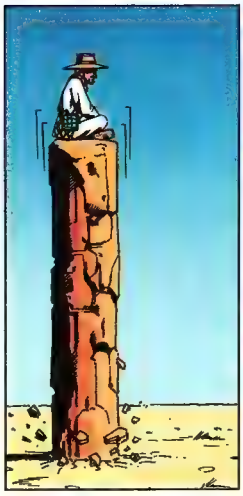


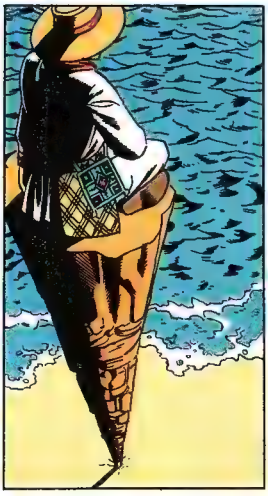

I ACCEPT IT.
I ACCEPT DEATH, ELIGIO. IT HOLDS NO TERROR FOR ME.
CAN ONE DIE IN WIRIKUTA? ONE CAN DIE IN SPIRIT HERE, AND RETURN TO ONE'S BODY A MAN WITHOUT POWER... AND THERE ARE OTHER DANGERS...
FROM ALL OVER DON JOSÉ'S BODY THE SERPENTS SPRING FORTH. THEY GROW AS A PART OF HIM, BUT A PART THAT STRUGGLES AGAINST HIS CONTROL, STRUGGLES TO DEVOUR HIM!

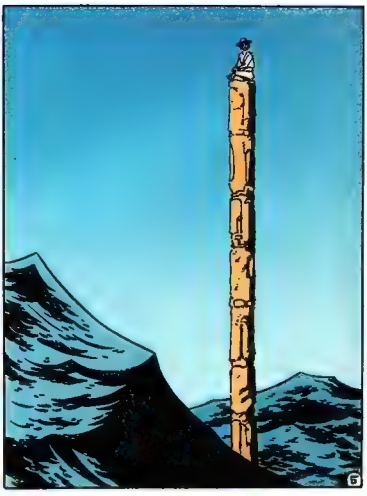
THIS IS NOT ME.

I KNOW MYSELF, ELIGIO. I DO NOT FEAR THE DARK SIDE OF MY NATURE.


WORST OF ALL IS TO BREAK THE THREAD THAT TIES THE SOUL TO THE WORLD... THEN ONE LOSES HIS EGO, HIS WILL, HIS SANITY; HIS SPIRIT WANDERS WIRIKUTA AIMLESSLY UNTIL HIS BODY CRUMBLES TO DUST.







ON THE HORIZON APPEARS A MOUNTAIN OF WATER...WITH EVERY MOMENT IT DRAWS NEARER...
IT HITS LIKE A GREAT, MOVING WALL.
THE WATER FORCES THE AIR FROM DON JOSÉ'S LUNGS...
IT TURNS AND TWISTS HIM IN ITS ICY GRIP...
AND THEN THERE IS ONLY BLACKNESS...AND FALLING...FALLING AT A SPEED SO GREAT IT NEARLY DRIVES ALL THOUGHT FROM THE MIND. BUT STILL THE THREAD DOES NOT BREAK.
GRADUALLY, THE DARKNESS TAKES SHAPE.
G

I CANNOT BE MADE A PRISONER, ELIGIO... I ACCEPT NO LIMITATIONS ON MY SPIRIT.
ELIGIO...

SO, DON JOSÉ, YOU HAVE PASSED MY LITTLE TESTS. BUT NOW IT IS ME YOU FACE.
I COME ONLY FOR THE CHILD, ELIGIO. THE BATTLE IS OVER. YOU HAVE LOST.

YOU HAVE TRIED TO FRIGHTEN ME FROM WIRIKUTA. BUT I WALK IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF KAUYUMARI, AND HE SHARES HIS HEART WITH ME. IT IS THE HEART OF A GOD, AND IT KNOWS NO FEAR. ONLY THAT WHICH A MAN FEARS HAS POWER OVER HIM, AND I DO NOT FEAR YOU, ELIGIO.
YOU WERE TOO PROUD TO FOLLOW KAUYUMARI, TOO FEARFUL TO FACE THE TRUTHS HE OFFERED. YOU FOUND FALSE GUIDES, WHO PROMISE YOU POWER YOU HAVE NOT EARNED...
BUT ONLY IN THE TRUTH CAN REAL POWER BE FOUND. YOUR GUIDES DECEIVE YOU...YOU ARE ONLY THE TOOL BY WHICH THEY WORK THEIR EVIL.
GO NOW, ELIGIO.. WIRIKUTA IS TOO DANGEROUS FOR A MAN WITHOUT POWER!
9

BY THE SOUND OF THE CONTINUING DRUMBEATS, DON JOSÉ FINDS HIS WAY BACK TO HIS BODY, BACK TO HIS OWN WORLD AND TIME.
THE CHILD IS WELL. YOU MAY PAY ME AND THEN GO. I MUST REST.
I COULD ONLY BRING SIX EGGS FOR PAYMENT, AND THAT WAS WITHOUT MY HUSBAND'S CONSENT. BUT WHEN HE SEES THE CHILD IS WELL, I'M SURE HE WILL PRESENT YOU A BUSHEL OF MAIZE.
THAT IS NOT NECESSARY... BUT TELL YOUR HUSBAND TO SHOW HIS PEOPLE MORE RESPECT...HE SHOULD BE COURTEOUS TO ELIGIO WHEN HE SEES HIM AGAIN.
END.

CHAIN MAIL

continued from page 4

awake lives and that of dreaming. For example, if an Ashanti man dreams of committing adultery with his chief's wife, he will be punished as harshly as if he'd committed the crime while awake. If he fails to report the dream he will feel the guilt and responsibility for any calamity or hardship (such as sickness or death) that might befall his people.

As Mr. Robert L. Ripley used to say, "Truth is stranger than fiction."

Cort Moore
Stonington, Conn.

Gentlemen:

Kirchner is a genius. He's seen "it."

Timothy Cummins
Waco, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

I just read Norman Spinrad's Sidebar in the third-anniversary edition. I am happy to say that I enjoyed Spinrad's piece so much that I am about to read the other columns! "Trekking Down the Black Hole" was ruthless, caustic, rude, and fantastic. It's not very often that a movie critic is not "on the take" as disc jockeys so often are for plugging the supposed "good stuff." I look forward to more of this type of reviewing and criticism.

Stephen Mackay
APO, N Y

The HM *women wonder why all these letters are addressed to "sirs" and "gentlemen" and would like to remind all of you that our staff is about equally divided between men and women. —TW*

Dear Sir:

Matt Howarth's work would gag a maggot.
Just thought you should know.

A Friend
Address withheld

Dear Ted:

Thank you, thank you, thank you! Matt Howarth's "Changes" is one of the best strips I've seen so far in *Heavy Metal*. Please, get Howarth to put it in book form after you've finished running it.

Eric Sadoyama
Pearl City, Hawaii

Dear *HM*:

Berni Wrightson's "Captain Sternn" alone was worth the two-dollar price tag on the June issue. The style, the tone, and (of course!) the artwork are fantastic! Lincoln Sternn is just the type of "hero" the new decade needs!

Robert Levin
Address withheld

Dear People:

I began to find your magazine rather dull until you added the four new columns. I read only one of them, but I believe it's worth the price of your rag—Lou Stathis's Muzick.

Talking Heads were my first taste of rok, and I've been hooked since then. Fuck Pink Floyd, we got Pere Ubu.

Lou Stathis is the only rok critic who hasn't given us a bum steer. You want to sell *Heavy Metal* in this part of Wyoming, you keep Lou Stathis! Rick Wernli's taste is in his mouth. Rok is the new wave of the future.

Steve Pearl
Basin, Wyo.

I think the world is big enough for both Pink Floyd and Pere Ubu. —TW

Ted:

Berni Wrightson's "Captain Sternn" yarn is the best-executed comic strip I've ever seen in my adult life! Everything about it—right down to the lettering—is perfect! And the "camera angles" of the individual panels . . . *amazing*!

All praise to B.W. He has done a truly outstanding job here.

Jay Lynch
Chicago, Ill.

Jay Lynch is the creator of "Nard 'n' Pat" and the proprietor of Bijou Funnies. *—TW*

THE DRUILLET INTERVIEW
by Brad Balfour

continued from page 14

When I wasn't sure of something, I asked; she was the person who gave me advice on my work. Sexuality has been important to me since I was little. I was very young—maybe three or four—when I had my first erection.

HM: And with a girl?

Druillet: I was fourteen. Before, girl friend and boyfriend meant the same thing to me. I mean, it was very mixed and I had no barriers in my mind. It was as much with young boys as it was with young girls, I mean, the touch. It's the classic thing afterwards, that society makes walls about sexuality.

HM: Now that we're speaking on sexual topics, I notice the rings with snakes on your fingers—very Freudian. No wonder people talk about psychoanalysis with you. The texture of all your drawing, the figures you draw, even the machines, which seem organic, and those rings are all tied in with primal images of fear, death, and sex.

Druillet: I function by the symbols and the psychoanalytic things in my work.

HM: Why the snakes?

Druillet: This was the symbol of death during the Roman age, the return of death in human life in the world. It's a very old, very important symbol.

HM: Okay, let's bring this around to your work.

Druillet: For five years since 1969 I worked with *Pilote*. Then *Metal Hurlant* was created. But in the meantime I was doing posters, advertising, and other projects. And I've been working on a movie I've designed. It's the story of Lancelot, a cosmic opera.

HM: What music is planned?

Druillet: Some parts of it are going to be classical. For the moment we don't have a group. Four years ago when I made the movie there were no problems about music, because there were lots of groups who fit very well. Now they've all collapsed. At that time it was the Germans, like Tangerine Dream, or Pink Floyd. The only French group that was possible was Magma.

HM: And other activities? Have you visited the United States?

Druillet: I came for the first time in 1972 for an American comic convention. I just said "Wow" and signed autographs.

HM: What do you regard as your most important work?

Druillet: There are several of them. Very important to me is *The Night*. The first one for me is *The Six Voyages of Lone Sloane*. It was one of my books that I wanted to make for a long time, and once I got a chance, it took two years to be able to finish it. It was very tense because all during that time it was in me and I wanted to create it so much. The second-most-important book (and character) is *Vuzz*. Both albums of *Vuzz* are very important to me.

HM: Who is he to you?

Druillet: He is my ego. All the characters I create are my egos. Lone Sloane is my ego as well. With Vuzz, I wanted to narrate something as I had done with the previous albums but with much less detail in the drawings. That way it is more brutal and more direct.

HM: Like having children. Do you and your second wife have any children?

Druillet: No, but I want them. I want children because if I'm having a part of all this shit then why shouldn't they? Children have a part in this. It's really the biggest pile of garbage that produces the most beautiful flowers.

COMING NEXT MONTH

THE HEAVY METAL ROCK SPECIAL—
A special issue throbbing with the energy of rock and packed with top artists from around the world! Featuring . . .

ROCK CITY in which the incomparable Moebius tells the story of a rock star of the future, trapped in a world he doesn't like and can't escape.

TRASHMAN–AGENT OF THE 6TH INTERNATIONAL returns after an absence of nearly a decade. Spain's Trashman was a pivotal figure in the underground papers and comix of the late sixties. Now he's back in a brand new adventure!

THE LEGEND OF THE MAGIC TONE BOX is Angus McKie's reinterpretation of the legend of Faust as seen through the eyes of a rock guitarist. McKie's SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO DANGEROUS and EXPERIMENT WITH THE AIR PUMP are already classics; this time he's outdone himself!

HEARTBREAK HOTEL is Dick Matena's surreal ode to Elvis Presley, a story that follows Elvis the young boy to sudden adulthood and stardom, rendered as only Matena could do it.

SPACE JIVE marks Voss's triumphant return to our pages with a story about a rock group touring the galaxy under the inept managership of the well-known J.P.

CHANGES continues, with the focus on the avant-degenerate Bulldaggers as they make their second album.

LEAD GUITAR offers a cutting commentary on futurock technology by the French master, Druillet, taking a break from his SALAMMBO.

PLUS: Tom Yeates's visual interpretation of Jimi Hendrix, THE THEFT OF THE GOLDEN RECORD by Hé (featuring Lou Rocky), a special installment of ROCK OPERA, ROCK À LA MICKSON, Joost Swarte's JOPO DE POJO, and special rock oriented installments of our regular columns. On sale at your favorite newsstand the first week of September.

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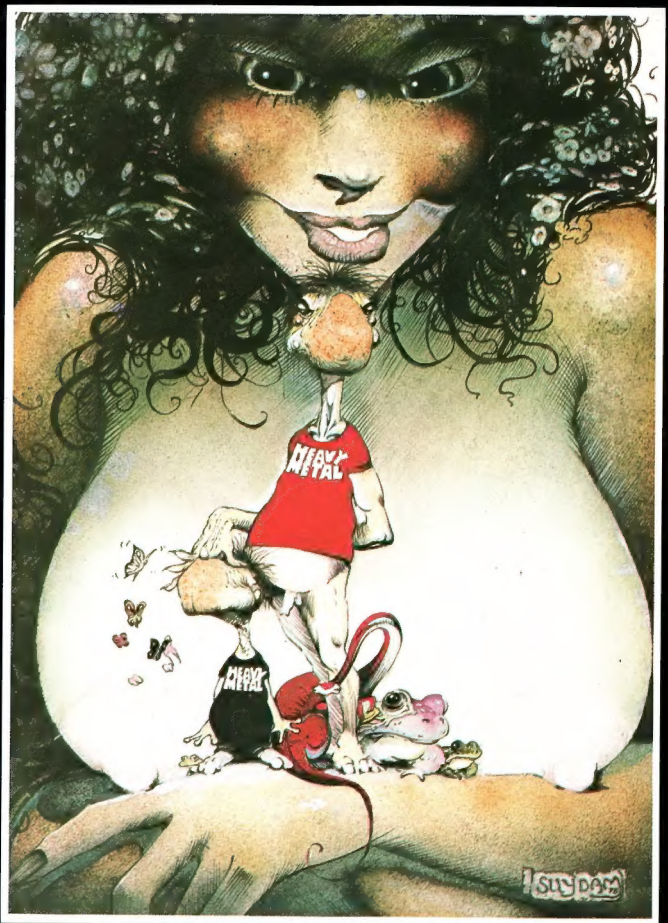

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